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FOR THE YEAR 1891

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BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR
OF
THE RIGHT HONORABLE GEORGE CANNING.

" When he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honied sentences."

SHAKSPEARE.

If we were desired to point out who amongst "the choice and master spirits of the age" possesses most entirely the confidence of the public, and the respect of all classes of society, we should have no hesitation in selecting the gentleman whose name we have placed at the head of this article. There are, indeed, many men who more astonish and delight the multitude—many who take greater pains to secure to themselves the applause of the superficial and the weak-minded—the lovers of splendor and admirers of magnificence---but there breathes not a man whose talents are more revered—whose wisdom and eloquence command greater attention, or whose powerful intellect and honorable life more certainly merit the favorable estimation of his fellow-countrymen. Such a man deserves to occupy the first place in the series of Memoirs, which it is our intention to give in the pages of *The National Magazine*; but, let it be remembered, we enter not into the consideration of his political character and conduct—we stand pledged to confine our pages to literature alone, and we hope to deserve the public favor and support, by a strict adherence to our voluntary engagement. In viewing Mr. Canning, therefore, and all others who may hereafter occupy our attention, we shall cautiously abstain from weighing the policy or the impolicy of the political measures they may have supported. Such inquiries form a subject for the historian, and ought to be left to his investigation. We would judge those of whom we write as men, and not as politicians---we would pourtray them as they are "in all the charities of father, son, and brother"---we would sympathize with their griefs, and rejoice in their prosperity---we would go with them to the altar, although the shrine at which they knelt, were one to which custom had not taught us to bow---we would join with them in prayer, although the form were one we had not learned to repeat; but we will not enter with them into that political vortex in which man's best feelings and noblest powers are overwhelmed, abused, or lost.

The family of Mr. Canning was originally seated at Foxcote, in Warwickshire, and we believe a branch of the Cannings of Foxcote still resides in that county. Queen Elizabeth conferred the manor of Garvagh, in the county of Londonderry, on George Canning, a younger son of the Warwickshire family, who thereupon removed into Ireland, and from him the present Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs is descended. Stratford Canning, Esq. of Garvagh, the grand-

father of the subject of our memoir, had two sons, George and Paul. George, the elder son, displeased his parents, by marrying a dowerless beauty, and in consequence was turned upon the world, to push his fortune as he could with a scanty allowance of £150 per annum. This pittance, which he was informed he would not find increased at his father's death, was rather a stimulation to study than a provision for a family; but Mr. Canning, notwithstanding the smallness of his income, and although he had entered himself a student of the Middle Temple, and was subsequently called to the bar, seems to have been fonder of the muses than of the law, and gave himself up to literature rather than to his professional studies. He is said to have ranked with the Whiteheads and Keates's of his day, and to have distinguished himself by various political as well as poetical publications. His love of liberty prompted him to publish several pamphlets upon subjects of public interest, which attracted considerable attention at the time, but did not assist his progress at the bar: one of his best known poems is a letter supposed to have been written to Lord W. Cavendish, by Lord William Russell, on the night previous to his execution. There are certainly some very superior lines in this poem, but as a whole, it does not deserve any very exalted praise. The following lines, supposed to have been addressed to Lady Rachel Russell, are natural and forcible, and will be considered peculiarly interesting by all who have seen Mr. Hayter's picture, lately exhibited, in which the heroic conduct of this noble-minded woman during her husband's trial, is very skilfully portrayed:

" Oh ! my lov'd Rachel ! all accomplish'd fair !
 Source of my joy and soother of my care !
 Whose heavenly virtues and unfading charms
 Have bless'd, through happy years, my peaceful arms !
 Parting with thee, into my cup was thrown,
 Its harshest dregs else had not forc'd a groan !
 But all is o'er—these eyes have gazed their last---
 And now the bitterness of death is past."

Mr. Canning was also the author of several other pieces, but neither his legal nor his literary efforts would have sufficed to secure him celebrity, had it not been for the importance which every thing connected with his son has acquired in the public estimation. He died on the 11th of April, 1771, and was interred in the Mary-le-bone new burying-ground. The following inscription is upon the tomb raised to his memory by his widow:

" Thy virtue and my woe no words can tell,
 Therefore a little while my George farewell ;
 For faith and love like ours Heaven has in store,
 Its last, best gift---to meet and part no more."

George, the illustrious subject of our present consideration, was born in London, a few days before the death of his father, in memory of whom he received his Christian name. The care of his education devolved upon his maternal uncle, a very respectable merchant in the City of London, who at an early age sent him to Eton, where he

soon distinguished himself; and in the year 1786, was one of the senior scholars. At this time the Eton boys rendered themselves celebrated by the publication of a periodical work, called *The Microcosm*, which was formed by an association of four individuals, who all contributed to it under the signatures of A. B. C. and D. The papers designated by A. were furnished by Mr. John Smith, afterwards of King's College, Cambridge; those signed B. were written by Mr. Canning; C. was the signature of Mr. Robert Smith, and D. of Mr. John Frere. There were also a few papers contributed by Lord Henry Spencer, Capel Lofft, Mr. B. Way, and Mr. Littlehales. This publication came out weekly, and was limited to forty numbers, of which Mr. Canning, then only fifteen years of age, furnished twelve, being the greatest number contributed by any one person. In the papers distinguished by his mark, the promise of that superiority which has been since matured, is clearly discoverable. Pungent raillery and keen ridicule, irony, sarcasm, and satire,

"All the edge tools of eloquence and wit,"

---such as he brandishes now with equal power and playfulness, were to be augured from these productions. In No. 7, there is a poem contributed by Mr. Canning "*On the Slavery of Greece*," which would do credit to any age, and cannot but be considered as showing great and extraordinary poetical power in a boy of fifteen. After describing what Greece has been, and dwelling with fervor upon the ancient glories of that fallen empire, he proceeds thus---

"This was thy state! But, oh! how chang'd thy fame,
And all thy glories fading into shame.
What? that thy bold, thy freedom-breathing land,
Should crouch beneath a tyrant's stern command;
That servitude should bind in galling chain;
Whom Asia's millions once oppos'd in vain,
Who could have thought? Who sees without a groan,
Thy cities mould'ring and thy walls o'erthrown?
That where once tower'd the stately solemn fane,
Now moss-grown ruins strew the ravag'd plain;
And unobserv'd but by the traveller's eye,
Proud vaulted domes in fretted fragments lie;
And thy fall'n columns on the dusty ground,
Pale ivy throws its sluggish arms around.

Thy sons (sad change!) in abject bondage sigh;
Unpitied toil, and unlamented die;
Groan at the labors of the galling ear,
Or the dark caverns of the mine explore.
The glitt'ring tyranny of Othman's sons,
The pomp of horror which surrounds their thrones,
Has aw'd their servile spirits into fear;
Spurn'd by the foot, they tremble and revere.

The day of labor, night's sad sleepless hour,
Th' inflictive scourge of arbitrary pow'r,
The bloody terror of the pointed steel,
The murd'rous stake, the agonizing wheel,
And (dreadful choice!) the bow-string or the bowl,
Damps their faint vigor, and unmans the soul.

Disastrous fate! still tears will fill the eye,
 Still recollection prompt the mournful sigh,
 When to the mind recur thy former fame,
 And all the horrors of thy present shame.

So some tall rock, whose bare broad bosom high,
 Towers from th' earth, and braves th' inclement sky;
 On whose vast top the blackening deluge pours,
 At whose wide base the thund'ring ocean roars;
 In conscious pride its huge gigantic form
 Surveys imperious, and defies the storm,
 Till worn by age and mould'ring to decay,
 Th' insidious waters wash its base away;
 It falls, and falling cleaves the trembling ground,
 And spreads a tempest of destruction round."

But the most marked peculiarity in Mr. Canning's papers, is the intimate knowledge of the world which they display. It has been often remarked as surprising, that Sheridan should have been able at an early age to write his "School for Scandal," in which there is shown an extremely intimate acquaintance with the deceitfulness of mankind; but the wonder is greater how a school boy of fifteen should have been so acute and accurate an observer—should have seen so clearly "through the deeds of men," as it is evident was the case with the author of these papers. The human heart is laid open by him, and follies and vices are ridiculed and satirised in a social, playful, witty, and in many instances, in a very powerful manner.

In 1788, on his removal from Eton, Mr. Canning was entered of Christ Church, Oxford, where he completed his necessary residence and graduated. At the university he acquired considerable celebrity for the elegance of his latin poetry, and the beauty and brilliancy of his declamations. Whilst there, he also formed an acquaintance with several young men of rank, amongst whom was Mr. Jenkinson, now Lord Liverpool, who was studying at Oxford at that time.—Having obtained his bachelor's degree, Mr. Canning left the university, and entered himself a student of the Middle Temple, of which his father had formerly been a member, with intent to study the law. At the same time also he obtained admission to a debating society which used to meet in Bond-street, and by his practice there acquired an ease and facility in public speaking to which much of his subsequent success is owing. His legal studies were not we believe pursued with any very great assiduity—his manners formed him for society, and much of his time was spent amongst his school and college companions. It is also said that he at that time was very intimate with Sheridan and Fox, his acquaintance with whom was formed at the table of his uncle, who was a strenuous supporter of Wilkes, and a determined anti-Pittite. In these latter circumstances Canning was always opposed to his uncle; the political bias which he had early formed in favor of Mr. Pitt was cherished by his acquaintance with Mr. Jenkinson, and more particularly by an introduction to the Minister himself. Pitt was so struck with the talents which the youthful statesman displayed, that he determined to bring him into parliament; and in order to effect that end, induced Sir Richard Worsley to vacate his

seat for Newport, in the Isle of Wight, by which means Mr. Canning, in the year 1793, and at the age of twenty-two, made his debüt in the House of Commons. The great expectations which Pitt entertained from the eloquence of his juvenile friend were increased by Mr. Sheridan, who, in a speech made shortly after Mr. Canning took his seat, congratulated the House upon the accession of ability which they had acquired in consequence of Mr. Canning's return. Although thus flattered and caressed, he had the good sense to render himself acquainted with the forms of the House before he ventured to address them. His maiden speech was made on the 31st Jan. 1794, upon the subject of a treaty of peace concluded between Great Britain and Sardinia. The address was a bold and manly vindication of the measures of the PITT administration, and fully justified the expectations which his friends had formed of the value of his assistance.—From that time Mr. Canning took frequent part in the debates, and seldom suffered any important question to pass without delivering his sentiments. His intimacy with Mr. Pitt improved into friendship, and lasted throughout the life of that celebrated statesman. Mr. Matthias takes notice of Mr. Canning's influence with Mr. Pitt, in his "Pursuits of Literature," and seems to intimate that the confidence of the Minister had been taken as it were by storm. His words are,

"And seize on Pitt, like Canning, by surprise."

Mr. Canning himself alluded to his friendship for Mr. Pitt in a speech made at Liverpool, in the year 1812, in the following terms:—

"Gentlemen, you see that I speak to you as freely of the conduct and policy of our government, as of the conduct of those to whom I am politically opposed. To one man, while he lived, I was devoted with all my heart and with all my soul. Since the death of Mr. Pitt, I acknowledge no leader. My political allegiance lies buried in his grave.—But I have, though not his immediate counsels to follow, his memory to cherish and revere. So far as I knew his opinions on subjects which were in his time, as well as now, of great public interest, I have adhered, and shall adhere, to those opinions as the guides of my public conduct. Where I can only reason from analogy on new questions which may arise, I shall endeavour to apply to those questions, whatever they may be, the principles which I imbibed and inherit from him; principles which, I well know, have alone recommended me to your choice this day."

Mr. Canning's first appointment to office was in 1796, during the Pitt and Grenville administration, when he became one of the joint Secretaries of State under Lord Grenville; and on the dissolution of parliament in that year, was returned for Wendover, in Buckinghamshire. In 1801 he retired with Mr. Pitt, and at this time composed his celebrated song of "The Pilot that weathered the Storm." The name of this song is familiar to every one, but the composition itself is so little known that we shall insert it here. It is honorable as well to the feeling and friendship of Mr. Canning, as to his talents.

"If hush'd the loud whirlwind that ruff'd the deep,
The sky, if no longer dark tempests deform;
When our perils are past, shall our gratitude sleep?
No!—Here's to the Pilot that weather'd the storm!"

At the foot-stool of Power let flattery fawn,
Let faction her idols extol to the skies;
To virtue, in humble resentment withdrawn,
Unblam'd may the merits of gratitude rise.

And shall not his memory to Britain be dear,
Whose example with envy all nations behold ;
A Statesman unbiass'd by int'rest or fear,
By pow'r uncorrupted, untainted by gold ?

Who, when terror and doubt thro' the universe reign'd,
While rapine and treason their standards unfurl'd,
The heart and the hopes of his country maintain'd,
And one kingdom preserv'd midst the wreck of the world.

Unheeding, unthankful, we bask in the blaze,
While the beams of the sun in full majesty shine ;
When he sinks into twilight, with fondness we gaze,
And mark the mild lustre that gilds his decline.

Lo ! PITT, when the course of thy greatness is o'er,
Thy talents, thy virtues, we fondly recall !
Now justly we prize thee, when lost we deplore ;
Admir'd in thy zenith, but lov'd in thy fall !

O ! take, then---for dangers by wisdom repell'd,
For evils, by courage and constancy brav'd---

O take ! for a throne by thy counsels upheld,
The thanks of a people thy firmness has sav'd !

And O ! if again the rude whirlwind should rise !
The dawning of peace should fresh darkness deform,
The regrets of the good, and the fears of the wise,
Shall turn to the Pilot that weather'd the storm !"

Upon Mr. Pitt's return to office in 1803, Mr. Canning was appointed to succeed Mr. Tierney as Treasurer of the Navy, which office he held until the death of Mr. Pitt in 1806 ; when he again retired, and was succeeded by Mr. Sheridan.

In 1807 he returned to office, as Secretary for Foreign Affairs.---Whilst he filled that situation, a dispute, arising in consequence of the ill success of some of the measures of Ministers, particularly the Walcheren expedition, produced an open rupture between him and Lord Castlereagh. A duel ensued, on the 21st Sept. 1809, when, after firing a second time, Mr. Canning received his antagonist's ball in his left thigh. In consequence of this affair, Mr. Canning retired from office, but still continued to support the general policy of the administration. In 1812, we learn from the following extract from one of his own speeches, that he was twice invited to return to office---we also learn the reason why he refused to do so ;

" Gentlemen, if I have held office, I hope I have held it honorably ; I will never hold it again but on the same terms. It is not my fault that I must state facts, in my own defence, which might appear to be stated ostentatiously ; but I mean them simply defensive. It is entirely my own fault, gentlemen, that I am not now addressing you with the seals of the Secretary of State in my pocket. Twice in the course of the last six months, have the seals of the office of Secretary of State been tendered to my acceptance ; and twice have I declined them. Is this like hankering after office ? I declined them, not because I was unwilling to render any services of which my poor abilities were capable to my country ; not because I did not acknowledge, with all due gratitude and humility, the gracious disposition of my Prince ; and not because I shrink from the difficulties of the times, to the encountering and overcoming of which I should feel myself, from the public situation in which I have had the honor to stand, bound to render whatever aid was in my power, if I could do so with effect, by doing so with credit. I declined office, gentlemen, because it was tendered to me on terms not consistent, as I thought, and as my immediate friends agreed in thinking, with my personal honor ; because, if accepted on such terms, it would not have enabled me to serve the public with efficiency.

"Gentlemen, I presume not to trouble you with any details upon this subject; but what I have stated, and what is before the world, is, I hope, sufficient to justify me against the accusation of hankering after office. Whether you will ever see me in office again, I cannot tell; but of this I can assure you, that it shall not be in a way dishonorable to myself or to you. I dare not, indeed, reckon upon the continuance of such unmerited partiality and affection as you now so kindly heap upon me; but this I can answer for, that neither in nor out of office shall you have cause to be ashamed of me."

Upon the dissolution of Parliament in 1812, Mr. Canning was invited by the inhabitants of Liverpool to offer himself as a candidate for the representation of that borough. Entirely unconnected with Liverpool---never having been in it---he yet accepted the invitation, and an active canvass was immediately commenced on his behalf. In his first address to the electors, he candidly states,

"I have no claims, gentlemen, upon your confidence from private connexion or acquaintance. And, I confess, I am not fond of extravagant professions; because, I think, it often happens, that when too much is professed at first, something is to be afterwards qualified, or explained, or retracted. But my public life is before you: from that your judgment of me will naturally be formed."

Upon the basis then of his previous public life, he submitted to the chance of the election; and although opposed by Messrs. Brougham and Creevey, the result was, that Mr. Canning was immediately placed at the head of the poll, and so continued, until on the ninth day Mr. Brougham retired from the contest, Mr. Canning's majority at that time being exactly five hundred. From 1812 until 1822, Mr. Canning continued to represent Liverpool; his return was always contested, but the great majority which he invariably obtained, sufficiently evinced the public sense of his merit as a statesman. His speeches to his constituents, from which we shall in the sequel make several extracts, are certainly models of eloquence, and shew the bold and open manner in which he submitted his conduct to their scrutiny. The memory of his connexion with the town of Liverpool, is still kept alive by a club, called "The Canning Club," of which most of the respectable inhabitants are members.

Between 1812 and 1822, Mr. Canning was Ambassador to Lisbon, and afterwards President of the Board of Control. The intimate knowledge of India Affairs, which he displayed whilst filling the latter situation, led to his appointment on the 16th March, 1822, to the splendid Vice-Royalty of Governor General of India. The history of this appointment is thus stated by himself:

"When called to office, in 1816, I was called to a department perfectly alien from my official habits, and with the business of which I had no previous acquaintance: but, in the course of nearly five years' diligent administration of that department, it has so happened, that I am supposed, by those in whom the law has vested the power of appointing to the government of India, to have qualified myself for the more immediate direction of that government, over the concerns of which it has been my duty to exercise a distant superintendence."

The brilliant prospects which this appointment opened to his view, were however suddenly and most unexpectedly shrouded, just as he was about to take his departure for India; and an office more important to his native country, and in which the exercise of his

powers was more immediately connected with the interests and welfare of England, was at once thrown upon him. We allude, as every one knows, to the sudden death of the Marquis of Londonderry, and the consequent vacancy in the Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs. When this event became publicly known, all England immediately fixed upon Mr. Canning as the only man who was at all competent to the duties of the office; some necessary delay of course took place, but in a short time the decision of the public was ratified by the Prince Regent, and Mr. Canning accepted the seals of office. It may, indeed, almost be said, that he obtained the office by the *choice* of the people. The public voice, which was raised loudly on his behalf at that time, has continued to support him in the performances of his official duties up to the present hour; and however fortunate some men may have been in securing the favor of their fellow-countrymen, certainly no one has ever succeeded in doing so in a more extraordinary degree than this truly Right Honorable Gentleman.

Mr. Canning was married in the year 1799, to Miss Joan Scott, whose sister about the same time was married to the then Marquis of Tichfield, now Duke of Portland. These ladies, who had very large fortunes, were the daughters of General Scott. The family of Mr. Canning consists, we believe, of several children; one of his daughters was lately married to the Marquis of Clanrickarde. His eldest son died on the 31st March, 1820, in the nineteenth year of his age; an epitaph to his memory was written by Mr. Canning. In private life, we learn that Mr. Canning is unostentatious himself, and a lover of simplicity in others, easy of access, and distinguished for good-nature and mildness of temper. In alluding to his private history and personal appearance, we are sure that we cannot give a more striking and masterly delineation than is contained in the following paragraph, which is said to be from the pen of a powerful political writer:—

"I saw Mrs. Canning not long after her marriage, and could easily believe, that her fortune, large as it was, had not gained her her husband; for she was a very pretty, gentle, and amiable woman. To be sure there did require something in personal merits to meet those of the husband; for he, according to my judgment, was the very handsomest man I ever saw in my life. Not a "*pretty man*," not a "*beauty*," not a doll faced dandy; but sufficiently tall, sufficiently stout, his limbs all at command, his step quick and firm, his voice sound and harmonious, his utterance quick and distinct, his emphasis strong without effort, his hair dark, his eyes bright without being sharp; and what above all things I admire, a set of features, every one of which performed its part in telling you what was passing in the mind.

"How often have I, when reading his speeches, brought him back to my mind! In about twenty-two years I have seen him but twice; once in 1817, and once lately. He is grown stout, and somewhat stiffer in his movements; he has lost the hair on the top of his head; but his eyes, and all his features, are nearly the same as ever; his voice is what it was; his habits of sobriety give him vigor, and in all probability will give him long life."

To this testimony we will add the well-known opinion of Lord Byron. "Canning," said Lord Byron, "is a genius, almost an universal one, an orator, a wit, a poet, and a statesman;" and again, in his *Age of Bronze*, one of his latest poems, he writes thus:

" Yet something may remain perchance to chime
 With reason, and what's stranger still, with rhyme;
 Even this thy genius, CANNING! may permit,
 Who, bred a statesman, still was born a wit,
 And never, even in that dull house, could'st tame
 To unleavened prose thine own poetic flame;
 Our last, our best, our only Orator,
 Ev'n I can praise thee."

Of the wit of Mr. Canning, his speeches furnish very many examples, and there are few persons who cannot relate a variety of bon mots which are usually attributed to him; whether truly or untruly, it is difficult to say. We shall only relate two of them, which we believe rest on better authority than the others. Mr. Canning and the Marquis of Wellesley were looking at a picture of the deluge, in which the ark was represented at a distance, whilst an elephant in the foreground was struggling with the rising waters,—"I wonder," said the Marquis, "the elephant did not get a place in the ark." "He was too late," replied Mr. Canning; "he was detained *packing up his trunk*." The other instance of Mr. C.'s ready wit to which we alluded, was occasioned by the publication of a periodical work by the Harrow Boys, in opposition to *The Microcosm*, which we have before related was published at Eton. The Harrow periodical was adorned with a frontispiece, in which the publications were represented in a balance, the Eton one being made to kick the beam. Upon seeing this picture, Mr. Canning immediately composed the following epigram:

" What mean ye by this print so rare,
 Ye wits of Eton jealous;
 Behold! your rivals soar in air,
 Whilst ye are *heavy fellows*."

His speeches, as they are printed, are prodigal of metaphor, and distinguished by bursts of extemporaneous energy, which render them at the present day, at any event, entirely unequalled. Such they will be found by the mere reader; but how shall we endeavour to describe them, when considered in the only manner which they ought in truth to be regarded, namely, as speeches, properly so called?

Eloquence has been termed "a species of poetry, applied to the particular end of persuasion;" but language is utterly unable to give any adequate idea of what is meant by this word, when it is used as descriptive of the oral productions of celebrated men. What is in print, may be judged calmly and deliberately---it presents itself for criticism, and may be submitted to the test of those rules which are applicable to each particular species of written composition; but such is not the case with the eloquence of the orator, which, like the unstudied harmonies of the *Æolian Lyre*, is at once independent of all rules, and can be judged only by its effect. Who can circumscribe that which is in itself illimitable? Who can govern the wanderings of imagination, set bounds to the excursions of fancy, or erect a barrier which thought cannot overleap? No man. Were it possible

to do so, eloquence would be no more. It is in freedom alone that it exists. A slave can no more be eloquent, than the sun's orbit could yield us light and warmth if that luminary were quenched. Ocean, earth, and air---the universe, with all that it contains, must be set before the mind of him who desires to attain eloquence; with liberty for thought to wander where it will; and he who by curious observation most illustrates the subject of his discourse, will be esteemed the most eloquent. To be coldly, grammatically correct, is not to be eloquent. Nor does eloquence consist in the rapid and vehement utterance of dull common-place, or of mere trite, every-day observation---no, such speeches may be listened to with calmness, perhaps with patience, but the man who is truly eloquent, stands amongst those who hear him as a God, rivets their attention, stirs up their souls even to enthusiasm, leaves them no time for judgment or reflection, hurries them on from thought to thought, from illustration to illustration, until, at length, the long suppressed emotion acquires a force which cannot be restrained, and the whole auditory bursts into a shout. Is this a mere ideal representation? Who has not felt his breath quicken, his heart beat more rapidly? Who has not seen his neighbour stand with fixed eye and open mouth, eagerly catching every word to which some illustrious man gave utterance? And who does not feel pride when reflecting that our country can boast of men whose spirit-stirring eloquence is not surpassed, even by the most celebrated orators of antiquity? Amongst the men of such a description, of whom we can at present boast, the name of Canning stands proudly pre-eminent, for a vigorous and manly eloquence; an eloquence which delights, astonishes, and awes; replete with beauty, and distinguished by propriety and sublimity of illustration. Witness his burst of enthusiasm when addressing the House of Commons shortly after the battle of Vittoria. "I see," said he, anticipating the consequences of that glorious victory, in something like prophetic strain, "I see the towers and battlements of ancient institutions emerging from the mist."---The House had been listening to his address with the most intense silence; but in a moment, as if by electricity or predetermined consent, a burst of admiration and applause rendered the conclusion of the sentence completely inaudible. We know that passages like these, and some others we are about to quote, lose the greater part of their charm, when viewed on paper, unaccompanied by the animated and animating delivery of the orator from whom they emanate. Perhaps there is not so noble a sight as that of a graceful and eloquent speaker taking captive, as it were by force, the souls of those around him---but all cannot be present on such occasions, and it is for the absent that we more especially write, warning them to bear in mind, that the witchery, the fascination of eloquence, consists almost as much in the flashing of the eye---the music of the voice---the propriety of the gesture---the palpable inspiration of the whole man---charms which memory can with difficulty retrace, and language cannot describe---as it does in the words which were uttered, the only relics of the sublime and splendid scene which we can record.

In selecting from Mr. Canning's published speeches one which will give the best idea of his peculiar eloquence, we do not know that we could choose a better specimen than the address which he delivered at Plymouth, in the year 1823, upon the occasion of being presented with the freedom of that town. The speech is throughout one of singular excellence; but the allusion which is made at the conclusion of it, to the ships at anchor near the town, perhaps has never been equalled in the peculiar aptness with which it illustrates the question upon which he treats. It is impossible to select any part of this address without destroying its effect; we therefore insert the whole of it.

"Mr. Mayor, and Gentlemen,—I accept with thankfulness, and with greater satisfaction than I can express, this flattering testimony of your good opinion and goodwill. I must add, that the value of the gift itself has been greatly enhanced by the manner in which your worthy and honorable Recorder has developed the motives which suggested it, and the sentiments which it is intended to convey.

"Gentlemen, your Recorder has said very truly, that whoever in this free and enlightened State aims at political eminence, and discharges political duties, must expect to have his conduct scrutinized, and every action of his public life sifted with no ordinary jealousy, and with no sparing criticism; and such may have been my lot as much as that of other public men. But, gentlemen, unmerited obloquy seldom fails of an adequate, though perhaps tardy, compensation. I must think myself, as my honorable friend has said, eminently fortunate, if such compensation as he describes has fallen to me at an earlier period than to many others; if I dare flatter myself (as his partiality has flattered me), that the sentiments that you are kind enough to entertain for me, are in unison with those of the country; if, in addition to the justice done me by my friends, I may, as he has assured me, rely upon a candid construction, even from political opponents.

"But, gentlemen, the secret of such a result does not lie deep. It consists only in an honest and undeviating pursuit of what one conscientiously believes to be one's public duty—a pursuit which, steadily continued, will, however detached and separate parts of a man's conduct may be viewed under the influence of partialities or prejudices, obtain for it, when considered as a whole, the approbation of all honest and honorable minds. Any man may occasionally be mistaken as to the means most conducive to the end which he has in view; but if the end be just and praise-worthy, it is by that he will be ultimately judged, either by his contemporaries or by posterity. (*Much applause.*)

"Gentlemen, the end which I confess I have always had in view, and which appears to me the legitimate object of pursuit to a British statesman, I can describe in one word. The language of modern philosophy is wisely and diffusely benevolent; it professes the perfection of our species, and the amelioration of the lot of all mankind. Gentlemen, I hope that my heart beats as high for the general interest of humanity---I hope that I have as friendly a disposition towards other nations of the earth, as any one who vaunts his philanthropy most highly; but I am contented to confess, that in the conduct of political affairs, the grand object of my contemplation is the interest of England. (*Much applause.*)

"Not, gentlemen, that the interest of England is an interest which stands isolated and alone. The situation which she holds forbids an exclusive selfishness; her prosperity must contribute to the prosperity of other nations, and her stability to the safety of the world. (*Bursts of applause.*) But, intimately connected as we are with the system of Europe, it does not follow that we are therefore called upon to mix ourselves on every occasion, with a restless and meddling activity, in the concerns of the nations which surround us. It is upon a just balance of conflicting duties, and of rival, but sometimes incompatible, advantages, that a government must judge when to put forth its strength, and when to husband it for occasions yet to come.

"Our ultimate object must be the peace of the world. That object may sometimes be best attained by prompt exertions---sometimes by abstinence from interposition in contests which we cannot prevent. It is upon these principles that, as has been most truly observed by my worthy friend, it did not appear to the government of this country

to be necessary that Great Britain should mingle in the recent contest between France and Spain. (*Applause.*)

"Your worthy Recorder has accurately classed the persons who would have driven us into that contest. There were undoubtedly among them those who desired to plunge this country into the difficulties of war, partly from the hope that those difficulties would overwhelm the Administration; but it would be most unjust not to admit that there were others who were actuated by nobler principles and more generous feelings, who would have rushed forward at once from the sense of indignation at aggression, and who deemed that no act of injustice could be perpetrated from one end of the universe to the other, but that the sword of Great Britain should leap from its scabbard to avenge it. (*Applause.*) But as it is the province of law to control the excess even of laudable passions and propensities in individuals, so it is the duty of Government to restrain within due bounds the ebullition of national sentiment, and to regulate the course and direction of impulses which it cannot blame. Is there any one among the latter class of persons described by my honorable friend (for to the former I have nothing to say), who continues to doubt whether the Government did wisely in declining to obey the precipitate enthusiasm which prevailed at the commencement of the contest in Spain? (*Applause.*) Is there any body who does not now think, that it was the office of Government to examine more closely all the various bearings of so complicated a question, to consider whether they were called upon to assist a united nation, or to plunge themselves into the internal feuds by which that nation was divided---to aid in repelling a foreign invader, or, to take part in a civil war. (*Applause.*) Is there any man that does not now see what would have been the extent of burdens that would have been cast upon this country? Is there any one who does not acknowledge that under such circumstances the enterprise would have been one to be characterized only by a term borrowed from that part of the Spanish literature with which we are most familiar,---Quixotic; an enterprise, romantic in its origin, and thankless in the end? (*Much applause.*)

"But while we thus control even our feelings by our duty, let it not be said that we cultivate peace, either because we fear, or because we are unprepared for, war; on the contrary, if eight months ago the Government did not hesitate to proclaim that the country was prepared for war, if war should be unfortunately necessary; every month of peace that has since passed, has but made us so much the more capable of exertion. The resources created by peace are means of war. (*Applause.*) In cherishing those resources, we but accumulate those means. *Our present repose is no more a proof of inability to act, than the state of inertness and inactivity in which I have seen those mighty masses that float in the waters above your town, is a proof they are devoid of strength, and incapable of being fitted out for action. You well know, gentlemen, how soon one of those stupendous masses, now reposing on their shadows in perfect stillness;---how soon, upon any call of patriotism, or of necessity, it would assume the likeness of an animated thing, instinct with life and motion;---how soon it would ruffle, as it were, its swelling plumage;---how quickly it would put forth all its beauty and its bravery, collect its scattered elements of strength, and awaken its dormant thunder.* (*Loud and continued thunders of applause.*) *Such as is one of these magnificent machines when springing from inaction into a display of its might---such is England herself, while apparently passive and motionless she silently concentrates the power to be put forth on an adequate occasion. But God forbid that that occasion should arise. After a war sustained for nearly a quarter of a century---sometimes single-handed, and with all Europe arranged at times against her or at her side, England needs a period of tranquillity, and may enjoy it without fear of misconstruction. Long may we be enabled, gentlemen, to improve the blessings of our present situation, to cultivate the arts of peace, to give to commerce, now reviving, greater extension and new spheres of employment, and to confirm the prosperity now generally diffused throughout this island. Of the blessing of peace, gentlemen, I trust that this borough, with which I have now the honor and happiness of being associated, will receive an ample share. I trust the time is not far distant, when that noble structure of which, as I learn from your Recorder, the box with which you have honored me, through his hands, formed a part, that gigantic barrier against the fury of the waves that roll into your harbour, will protect a commercial marine not less considerable in its kind, than the warlike marine of which your port has been long so distinguished an asylum, when the town of Plymouth will participate in the commercial prosperity as largely as it has hitherto done in the naval glories of England.* [*The Honorable Gentleman sat down amidst bursts of cheering, which lasted for several minutes.*]

This is a fair specimen of Mr. Canning's general style ; but if we wish to know the boldness and originality with which he illustrates the questions that come before him, the following extract from a speech delivered at Liverpool, in the year 1812, will sufficiently point them out to us. He is answering those who have insinuated that he was not a friend to peace :

" Commerce and peace are, in the ordinary course of things, linked together. And it has been endeavoured to be insinuated by our opponents, that they alone could be the faithful guardians of the interests of a great commercial town, who are, as they are pleased to call themselves, lovers of peace. Such interests, they insist, must perish in the hands of those who (like myself, I suppose) are friends and advocates of war. Lovers of peace ! Who are *not* lovers of peace in the abstract ? Friends and advocates of war ! Who are so mad or so malignant as to prefer war for war's sake ? Who are advocates of war, as war, any more than of famine or of pestilence ? They who indulge themselves in such loose and general propositions, must surely be conscious that they are deceiving the audience whom they address. They must know, that the questions of peace and war are amongst the most difficult and complicated questions that human imagination can conceive, or that human genius can be called upon to disentangle. The propositions which they so glibly announce as simple propositions of elementary truth, are (as they know full well) interwoven with considerations and circumstances which render the discussion of them perplexed and intricate in the extreme. The question of peace is beset with difficulties which they themselves, if the helm of the state were put into their hands, would find, at the present moment, wholly insurmountable. But these difficulties they carefully keep out of sight, when they wish to make an impression on popular feelings.

" In what a state of the world is it that these gentlemen talk of peace, and of themselves as lovers of peace, just as calmly as if it were only a mere question of taste and fancy ; as if to choose were to have, and to have were securely to enjoy ! What, gentlemen, should you think of the sense or the fairness of men who, in the midst of the distress and desolation occasioned in one of your West India islands by a hurricane or tornado, while the air was involved in a pitchy darkness, and the city rocking with volcanic explosions, were to run about the streets, proclaiming themselves 'the friends of light and of perpendicular position ?' Who does not love light better than darkness ? who would not rather have the walls of his house standing erect than tumbling about his ears ? But what, I say, should you think of men—of their candour or of their sense,—who, in the midst of such a public calamity, instead of lending a helping hand to their fellow-sufferers, and bearing patiently their own share of afflictions not to be avoided, should labour to impress upon the minds of the people additional motives of consternation and despair, and to make their sufferings intolerable, by insinuating that they had been unnecessarily incurred ?

" Gentlemen, the order of things in the moral and political world is not less convulsed, at the present moment, than in the physical world, by such visitations of Providence as those which I have just described. The storm is abroad. For purposes inscrutable to us, it has pleased Providence to let loose upon mankind a scourge of nations, who carries death and devastation into the remotest corners of the earth. But, amidst this universal havoc, this general prostration of the nations of Europe, this rocking of the battlements of our own separate fortress, we are asked, with an air of simplicity which would be quite touching, if we could imagine it to proceed from mere defect of understanding, 'Why are we not at peace ?'

" A grosser delusion than is attempted by insinuating that war is our choice, and peace within our reach, but wilfully rejected, was never yet imposed upon mankind. The question is not whether we love peace, but whether we can obtain it : the only arguable difference between men of honest minds and sober understandings must be as to the terms on which peace ought to be made : and the main characteristic of those terms all rational men would agree to be this---that they should be such as to afford a fair and reasonable security for its continuance. But this can be effected by honorable terms alone, and for this one plain reason, that a peace purchased by ignominy would be but a short intermission of war."

Again mark the beauty of the following passage:—

"Gentlemen, it does seem somewhat singular, and I conceive that the historian of future times will be at a loss to imagine how it should happen, that at this particular period, at the close of a war of such unexampled brilliancy, in which this country has acted a part so much beyond its physical strength and its apparent resources, there should arise a sect of philosophers in this country, who begin to suspect something rotten in the British constitution. The history of Europe, for the last twenty-five years, is something like this. A power went forth, animated with the spirit of evil, to overturn every community of the civilized world. Before this dreadful assailant, empires, and monarchies, and republics bowed: some were crushed to the earth, and some bought their safety by compromise. In the midst of this wide-spread ruin, among tottering columns and falling edifices, one fabric alone stood erect and braved the storm; and not only provided for its own internal security, but sent forth, at every portal, assistance to its weaker neighbours. On this edifice floated that ensign [pointing to the English ensign], a signal of rallying to the combatant and of shelter to the fallen.

"To an impartial observer---I will not say to an inhabitant of this little fortress---to an impartial observer, in whatever part of the world, one should think something of this sort would have occurred. Here is a fabric constructed upon some principles not common to others in its neighbourhood; principles which enable it to stand erect while every thing is prostrate around it. In the construction of this fabric there must be some curious felicity, which the eye of the philosopher would be well employed in investigating, and which its neighbours may profit by adopting. This, I say, gentlemen, would have been an obvious inference. But what shall we think of their understandings who draw an inference directly the reverse? and who say to us---'You have stood when others have fallen; when others have crouched, you have borne yourselves aloft; you alone have resisted the power which has shaken and swallowed up half the civilized world. We like not this suspicious peculiarity. There must be something wrong in your internal conformation.' With this unhappy curiosity, and in the spirit of this perverse analysis, they proceed to dissect our constitution. They find that, like other states, we have a monarch: that a nobility, though not organized like ours, is common to all the great empires of Europe: but that our distinction lies in a popular assembly, which gives life, and vigor, and strength to the whole frame of the government. Here, therefore, they find the seat of our disease. Our peccant part is, undoubtedly, the House of Commons. Hence our presumptuous exemption from what was the common lot of all our neighbours: the anomaly ought forthwith to be corrected; and, therefore, the House of Commons must be reformed."

The extraordinary felicity of illustration which is also displayed in the passage we are now about to extract, and the powerful language in which it is couched, deserve great consideration.

"What should we think of that philosopher, who, in writing at the present day a treatise upon naval architecture and the theory of navigation, should omit wholly from his calculation that new and mighty power,---new, at least, in the application of its might,---which walks the water, like a giant rejoicing in his course:---stemming alike the tempest and the tide;---accelerating intercourse, shortening distances;---creating, as it were, unexpected neighbourhoods, and new combinations of social and commercial relation:---and giving to the fickleness of winds and the faithlessness of waves the certainty and steadiness of a highway upon the land? Such a writer, though he might describe a ship correctly, though he might show from what quarters the winds of heaven blow, would be surely an incurious and an idle spectator of the progress of nautical science, who did not see in the power of STEAM a corrective of all former calculations. So, in political science, he who, speculating on the British Constitution, should content himself with marking the distribution of acknowledged technical powers between the House of Lords, the House of Commons, and the Crown, and assigning to each their separate provinces,---to the Lords their legislative authority,---to the Crown its *вето*, (how often used?)---to the House of Commons its power of stopping supplies, (how often, in fact, necessary to be resorted to?)---and should think that he had thus described the British constitution as it acts, and as it is influenced in its action; but should omit from his enumeration that mighty power of Public Opinion, embodied in a Free Press,

which pervades, and checks, and, perhaps, in the last resort, nearly governs the whole; ---such a man would, surely, give but an imperfect view of the government of England as it is now modified, and would greatly underrate the counteracting influences against which that of the executive power has to contend."

We have hitherto extracted from Mr. Canning's speeches, such passages as evince a strong and vigorous understanding, calling to its aid the appearances of nature, the productions of science, and whatever is most likely to arrest attention by its appropriateness, grandeur, or sublimity. But Mr. Canning is not less distinguished for the playfulness of his satire, and the manner in which he introduces anecdotes the most singular, and the most ludicrous, and makes them bear upon the conduct of his adversaries. The following was introduced into a speech delivered at Liverpool, in the year 1820:

"The presumption of your antagonists appears to have been equalled only by the weakness with which they came into the field: and in proportion as their means of success were diminished, they seem to have aimed at the achievement of greater objects. Whether it was that they imagined their principles of reform to have made greater progress in Liverpool than in any other part of the country, I cannot say. But it was surely no small presumption, especially on the part of those who are continually declaiming against the undue interference of powerful individuals, and against the servile surrender of the freedom of election!—it was no small presumption, I say, for any such party to think that they might, with one hand, grasp the representation of Liverpool, and, with the other, indicate the representative of the county.

"Gentlemen, the process by which this twofold operation was to be brought about, was one of a curious kind. It reminds me of what I have read, in some of the political pamphlets of, I believe, the reign of Queen Anne, of an empiric who, not liking to sound his own praises, but wishing to have them sounded, hit upon a notable expedient of obtaining the benefit, without incurring the reproach of such a proclamation. A youth preceded him in the crowd, crying, with a loud voice, 'My father cures all sorts of diseases.' The doctor marched behind him, with a sedate and solemn step, simply declaring, 'The youth says true.' Now, Colonel Williams appears to have acted, on our hustings, the part of the ingenuous youth, when he proposed Dr. Crompton to you as a healer of all diseases of the political constitution. Dr. Crompton followed, with a modest and measured pace, not singing his own praises, but admitting the truth of the praises which had been sung."

Again, in 1822, he introduced the following:

"But parliamentary reform is the panacea for every evil. I read, a few days ago, (I cannot immediately recollect where,) a story of an artist who had attained great eminence in painting, but who had directed his art chiefly to one favorite object. That object happened to be a *red lion*. His first employment was at a public-house, where the landlord allowed him to follow his fancy. Of course the artist recommended a *red lion*. A gentleman in the neighbourhood, having a new dining-room to ornament, applied to the artist for his assistance; and, in order that he might have full scope for his talents, left to him the choice of a subject for the principal compartment of the room. The painter took due time to deliberate; and then, with the utmost gravity and earnestness--- 'Don't you think,' said he to his employer, 'that a handsome *red lion* would have a fine effect in this situation?' The gentleman was not entirely convinced, perhaps; however, he let the painter have his way in this instance; determined, nevertheless, that in his library, to which he next conducted the artist, he would have something of more exquisite device and ornament. He showed him a small panel over his chimney-piece. 'Here,' says he, 'I must have something striking. The space, you see, is but small, the workmanship must be proportionably delicate.' 'What think you,' says the painter, after appearing to dive deep into his imagination for the suggestion, 'what think you of a *small red lion*?' Just so it is with parliamentary reform. Whatever may be the evil, the remedy is a parliamentary reform; and the utmost variety that you can

extort from those who call themselves 'moderate reformers' is, that they will be contented with a *small red lion*!

"Gentlemen, I wish that these theories were only entertaining; but they have mischief in them; and I wish that against them the country should be on its guard. I confess I am against even the *smallest* of these *red lions*; I object not to the size, but to the species. I fear the smallest would be but the precursor of the whole menagerie; and that, if once propitiated by his smallness, you open the door for his admission, you will find, when you wanted him to turn out again, that he had been pampered into a formidable size in his cage."

We might (would our space admit, or were it at all necessary,) produce a variety of other extracts, to prove that our opinion of Mr. Canning's abilities, as an orator, ought not to be considered overrated, but we forbear. The passages we have already quoted sufficiently prove the brilliancy of his imagination, and the extraordinary powers of raillery and wit which he unquestionably possesses. The Right Honorable Gentleman is at such a time of life as fully justifies us in the anticipation, that many splendid effusions will yet be added to those we already possess: for the present, we take our leave of him, with the highest respect for his genius and character, and close this imperfect sketch of his merits, with the eloquent apostrophe with which he concluded his farewell address to Liverpool, in the year 1822.

"Gentlemen, wherever my lot may be cast, may this great community continue to flourish in the prosperity now happily beginning to be restored to it, after the fluctuations of war and peace:---in the principles from which it has never swerved, since I have had the honor to be acquainted with it;---in the honorable and liberal spirit which pervades all classes of its society, and which marks even its political divisions;---and in that cordial union which binds all its members together without distinction of party, in any thing which relates to the interest of your town, or to the benefit of the humbler part of its population. May it flourish an image of splendid commercial greatness, unalloyed by the besetting vices which sometimes grow to such greatness;---an image of those princely merchants whose history one of your own body has illustrated; mixing, like them, with the pursuits of trade, the cultivation of liberal science; decorating your town with the works of art, as much as it is enriched by enterprise and industry; and placing it by the variety of its useful, and the munificence of its charitable, establishments, among the most celebrated of the cities of the world. May you flourish in the happiness and renown to which these qualities entitle you; and, when you look for another individual to occupy the station which I have, for ten years, filled, may you find one more competent to the task than I have been,---one more devoted to your interests, more anxious for your prosperity, or more thankful for your kindness, I am sure you cannot find."

LONDON IN A. D. 1066.

"Let us go merrily to London." SHAKESPEARE.

At the time of the arrival of Julius Cæsar, Britain was peopled by various independent tribes, some of whom were the descendants of the aboriginal inhabitants, and others had established themselves by right of conquest. Amongst those of the latter description were the Trinobantes, a rude people who had originally emigrated from Belgium, and possessed themselves of the country along the northern bank of the Thames; from the mouth of which, as far as a few miles beyond London, their dominion extended. The manner of their living appears to have been almost wholly uncivilized; the woods furnished their only shelter; the beasts of the chase their only support. Ignorant of the arts and devoid of ingenuity, mutual defence was the only object for which they associated together; and when the pressing danger which caused them to assemble was overcome by their bravery, or rendered nugatory by the intestine divisions of their enemies, they separated as it were by consent, each one taking either the route which his former knowledge had approved, or the path he had left untried. The Romans are said to have first induced them to make bricks, their previous habitations having been mere huts, formed of reeds interwoven after the manner of hurdles, and covered with straw. Cæsar declares, that what the Britons called a town, was nothing more than a thick wood surrounded by a ditch and fortified by a rampart, into which they retired when apprehensive of invasion. Such a town was London at that time, and when the peculiarity of its situation is considered, it will be readily admitted that few places could be found in a level country more adapted to render them secure in case of attack. From the centre of their inclosure, which appears to have been a little to the eastward of the spot where St. Paul's now stands, the descent both to the river and to the west is considerable and steep. On the south flowed the Thames, which being unconfined by embankments, rolled in a free and unrestrained course over the low grounds both to the east and west of London, and which, according to the account of Cæsar, was fordable at one place only, and there with difficulty. On the west was the Flete or Fleet, a stream then navigable for a considerable distance from its junction with the Thames, which took place near to where the present Blackfriars' Bridge is erected. On the east was an extensive tract of low and marshy land, which was often overflowed by the Thames, and always impassable. The Trinobantes, therefore, acted wisely in fixing upon this spot, which seemed to have been pointed out to them by nature as "a house of defence," and which being situate almost at the inland extremity of their dominion, was peculiarly adapted to secure them from the attacks of wandering pirates.

Under the dominion of the Romans, London soon assumed a very different appearance, and acquired the importance for which its situation so well fitted it. Civilization, which followed the footsteps of their legions, and marked the extent of their conquests, spread even amongst the savage and illiterate Britons. London became the residence of the Prefect, and to it, as to the capital, soon flocked all classes and degrees. After the lapse of so many centuries, it is scarcely possible to give any idea of the topography of London at that early period; but the testimony of ancient historians—the discovery of antiquities, and the investigations of ingenious men, have combined to throw some little light upon the subject. It is certain, that during the time of the Roman occupation of England, fortifications were raised to aid the national strength of the position, and London was surrounded by lofty walls, through ports or gates, in which the only entrances were afforded. The original number of these gates is a matter of some doubt, but judging from the Roman roads which are known to have passed through London, we may conclude that there were not less than four. The centre of the town, or point of intersection of these ways, seems to have been near the east end of the present Cannon Street, where was placed that piece of antiquity now called London Stone. Here five Roman ways met, the Watling Street from the south-east and north-west, the Hermine Street from the south-west and north, and a Vicinal Way from the north-east. The first of these, the famous Watling Street, entered the city from the south by a ferry over the Thames at Dow-gate (or Water-gate, as the origin of the name imports), and after proceeding to London Stone, turned off to the north-west, and passed towards Holborn by a gate, formerly called Chamberlain's-gate, and afterwards New-gate. The Hermine Street joined the Watling Street on the Southwark bank, and proceeded with it to London Stone, whence it took a northerly direction, and passed out of the city at Cripple-gate. The Vicinal Way led from London Stone to Ald-gate. If this be correct, the four original gates of the city were Dow-gate, New-gate, Cripple-gate, and Ald-gate. Along the wall, at proper intervals, were towers of defence, and a little to the west of Cripple-gate, without the wall, was a high barbican or watch-tower, from whence there was a view of the whole town, and also into Kent, Essex, and Surrey.

Thus fortified and protected, London continued to increase in size and importance during all the time of the government of the Romans; but that people were at length obliged to call home their legions to defend themselves, and England was then for many years torn by internal divisions and hostile invasion. For four centuries we learn little of London, except that it was alternately desolated and destroyed by Britons, Saxons, and Danes; nor was it until the reign of the immortal Alfred, that it again emerged from obscurity. Under the influence of his salutary regulations, it increased so rapidly in wealth and magnitude, that during the reign of Canute we find the portion of a tax allotted to be paid by London alone, is one-sixth of the sum to be levied upon the whole kingdom.

The peaceful times of Edward the Confessor appear to have been very favorable to London, which then acquired importance and stability by the settlement of its privileges upon so firm and plain a basis, that after kings, in their confirmatory charters, merely refer to them "as they were in King Edward's days." Domestic tranquillity encouraged the inhabitants to turn their attention to commerce, and London became a mart to which the merchants of many kingdoms made resort for the purposes of trade, so that when William the Conqueror assumed the government, he found his capital a populous and thriving city. Lud-gate and Alders-gate had been added to the gates before mentioned—a wooden bridge had been thrown across the Thames, and many houses erected without the walls. Along Flete or Fleet Street, these new erections extended nearly as far as the present Temple Bar. Some idea may be formed of the size of the metropolis, at that period, from the fact that at the time of the great fire in 1666, there were, at the least, sixty churches of Saxon origin. Most of them were in the heart of the city, and were consequently destroyed; but there are some few yet remaining to attest the fact. A church dedicated to St. Paul, is said to have been built in the seventh century; that edifice was destroyed by fire in the year 961, and a structure of greater elegance erected on its site. The nobles had residences and gardens, occupying large spaces in various parts of the town, and the wealthier citizens began to have their places of retirement in the suburbs—at the village of Holeburne (now Holborn), or on the moor which lay beyond the wall on the north. From the Tower to Lud-gate a long row of houses extended on the bank of the river (the wall by the water-side having gone almost entirely to decay), but how far to the north the buildings had spread is somewhat difficult to determine. There can be no doubt that they reached as far as the West Chepe or market, but only the south side was built upon, and that merely with hovels or sheds in which goods might be exposed to sale. London seems always to have spread to the west—the first chepe or market was the East Chepe, but as the town increased we hear of the West Chepe, now termed Cheapside. That street anciently extended from St. Paul's to Aldgate; the Poultry was merely the space occupied by poulterers, and Cornhill, which formerly reached from the Poultry to Aldgate, was the place set apart for the sale of corn. That part extending from Birchin Lane to Grace-church Street, and back to Lombard Street, was the Grass Market; and the church of All Hallows, Lombard Street, from its vicinity to it, was termed "The Grass Church." To the north of this long line of markets, were some houses of the nobility thinly scattered, and between them and the chepe there appears to have been a good deal of uninclosed ground, which was used by the citizens for their amusements. It was here, according to the expressions of an historian in the time of Henry II. that "the sportful youths were exercised in leaping, dancing, archery, wrestling, casting the stone, in hurling darts beyond a mark, and in fighting with shields. The maidens also assembled for the dance, and the earth was pressed by

their nimble feet even after the moon had risen." There also were practised the sports of bull and bear-baiting, and running at the quintain. But this space of ground soon became covered with crowded streets, and then all these amusements were transferred to the Smooth-field by Aldersgate (now Smithfield), which was long celebrated for the tournaments and jousts which took place there.

No precise account can be given of the exact number of churches in London, in the time of the Saxons, the number, sixty, which we have before cited, is most probably much too small. Fitzstephen, who wrote in the reign of Henry II., states, that there were in his time one hundred and twenty-two parish churches, and thirteen convents, but how many of these had been erected subsequently to the conquest, cannot now be determined. Amongst the monastic institutions, we ought not to omit mention of the splendid establishment called "St. Martin's le Grand." This erection is said to have owed its origin to Wythred, King of Kent, A.D. 700, but its chief importance was derived from the additions made to it by two brothers named Ingilricus and Girardus in the year 1056. Many subsequent princes, among whom we may mention William the Conqueror, distinguished it with their favour. It was erected into a separate jurisdiction independent of the city—its possessions and privileges were enlarged, and the dangerous right of sanctuary was conferred upon it. In clearing the ground some years since, for the erection of the New Post Office, various remains of this ancient building were discovered, and many accounts were then published concerning it, which must be fresh in the memory of the public.

In the ancient street called Aldermanbury, the citizens had their Guildhall, and near to it stood a royal palace, said to have been built by King Adelstan, or, as we usually term him, King Athelstan. The buildings now erected upon the site of this palace are at present called Addle Street, but its ancient name was King Adel Street. There was also at that time another royal palace near the site of the present St. Bride's Church, in Fleet Street, but the mere existence of these buildings is all that can be learned.

The information to be obtained upon these subjects is at best but very imperfect—for all that the most industrious can do is merely to preserve "some remnants of history which have casually escaped the shipwreck of time."

"JON. OLDBUCK, JUN."

A HYMN TO VENUS.

GODDESS, I do love a girl,
 Ruby-lip'd, and tooth'd with pearl;
 If so be I may but prove
 Lucky in this maid I love,
 I will promise there shall be
 Myrtles offer'd up to thee.

HERRICK.

THE LOVE-CUP.

DELICIOUS cup,—where virgin lips have met,
Those lips which, pouting, own'd their sweet employ;
I felt their touch, and Memory revels yet,
Amidst the blisses of that boundless joy.

Delicious cup,—I pledge thy sparkling wine
To woman's fondest hour, and faintest sigh;
The maid who sanctified a brim like thine,
Possess'd a tender heart, a beaming eye.

Delicious cup,—thy sweet oblivion cast
O'er all but love (for once I knew its bliss),
Tho' Pleasure's splendid vision long has past,
One sweet return shall light an hour like this.

Delicious cup,—I woo thee as the spell,
Which calls remembrance back to other days,
When all a soul could feel, or tongue could tell,
Was in the poet's theme to woman's praise.

G. C. C.

THE FEUDAL SYSTEM.

“A base and rotten policy.”

SHAKESPEARE.

AMONGST barbarous and illiterate nations, the form of government is necessarily simple, and not fettered with any of that complicated machinery by which legislation is now rendered an intricate and difficult science. The great objects of the law were at that time not to prevent fraud, but to restrain rapine—not to unravel the intricate web of cunning, but to subvert the open danger of violence; the chicanery and duplicity of more civilized beings, are unknown to the rude wanderers of the desert; force is the only means they take to accomplish their ends, and therefore against force only their laws must be directed. In such a state of society the strong are a terror to the weak; but at present, if oppression exist at all, it is the rich who oppress the poor; and the reason seems to be, not that mankind are less inclined to tyrannize than formerly, but that they are restrained by the increased power of the law. At that time, the law dared not interfere with the powerful baron, nor would he employ the dilatory means it presented to crush the humble serf; but now it can cope equally with the inhabitant of the palace, or the poor tenant of the hovel. The quarrels between thane and thane, were then thought of too important a nature to be decided by mere men; an earthly adjudication was insufficient to determine

between them, and therefore, as is said by a learned apologist of warfare, "they appealed to the highest tribunal that can be, namely, the trial by war, wherein the Great Judge and Sovereign of the world, the Lord of Hosts, seems in a more especial manner than in other cases, to decide the controversy."

Thus it was with the quarrels of the nobles; but the case was far different when a poor peasant happened to draw down upon him the indignation of any of these powerful chieftains. Their vengeance came upon the devoted victim, like the eagle upon its unprotected prey—"at one fell swoop" they avenged their insulted dignity, and oftentimes committed unprovoked outrages, which no one could or dared resent. To render themselves in some degree secure against this oppression, the lower classes of the community, giving up a part of their freedom, attached themselves to the service of some thane or lord, who, in return, granted them protection. In time of war, the vassal fought the battles of the thane, and performed duties for him in peace; and on the other hand, to commit any outrage upon the vassal, was to insult the lord, and draw down the weight of his vengeance. Mutual defence became thus the great bond of society; and these associations for co-operation and assistance, so simple and obvious in their origin, improved at length into that regular and methodical arrangement which we denominate the feudal system. In England, its progress was slow and almost imperceptible, until the arrival of William the Conqueror: some have doubted whether the distinction of feuds existed at all amongst the Saxons; however that may have been, there can be no doubt that William established amongst us this "law of nations in the western world," with all its rigour and severity.

The grand, fundamental, and operative principle of this system is, that all the lands in the kingdom belonged originally to the king; from whom, or from those to whom he granted them, every one has derived that part which he holds, and for which he is bound to perform certain duties, and render certain services. The Norman barons received large grants of land upon these feudal conditions, the king reserving to himself the dominion and ultimate property, and (upon the breach of these conditions) the right to resume the possession. These barons, who were vassals to the king with respect to the property thus held, divided the estates granted to them, and apportioned each part to some other person, to hold upon the like services to be performed to the baron, as he was bound to perform for the whole to the king; thus becoming lord toward these his vassals, of that property of which he himself was but vassal to the king. It was in this division of feuds that the great superiority of the system consisted; for the services to be performed being chiefly military, the whole kingdom became one warlike establishment, which could at any time be set in motion at the will of the sovereign, or ultimate lord.

These feuds, fees, or rewards, as the original of the word signifies, were held, at first, entirely at the will of the lord; but

after some time, became certain for a term of years ; at length they began to be granted for the life of the feudatory ; and as a last improvement, were made hereditary. But every one of these gradual steps brought new incumbrances, and the vassal was impoverished by extortions of the most ingenious description. If the lord were taken prisoner, the vassal must pay his ransom ; if his daughter were about to be married, he must provide a dower ; when his son was of sufficient age, the expensive ceremony of knighthood was to be defrayed for him. Upon the death of the tenant, the heir could not enter upon the estate without a heavy composition, or relief, payable to his lord, besides, if he held immediately of the king, the payment of one whole year's profit of his lands for what was termed primer-seisin. But in case of the minority of the heir, the hardships were still greater : during his infancy, the lord was entitled to the custody of his person, and the possession of his land, without any account of the profits, or any other abatement, than such pittance as his avarice or illiberality might consider sufficient for maintenance. The lord had also the right of disposing of his infant ward in marriage ; and if he refused to accept the match proposed, a fine was payable to the guardian, and double that sum if he married without his consent. Upon his coming of age, the guardian was entitled to the first half year's profits of his estate, in consideration of his delivering it into the hands of the heir ; and if he held a knight's fee, he was obliged to obtain the expensive honor of knighthood, or in case of refusal, to pay a fine to the king ; " and when," remarks an elegant legal writer, " by these deductions his fortune was so shattered and ruined that perhaps he was obliged to sell his patrimony, he had not even that poor privilege allowed him, without paying an exorbitant fine for a licence of alienation." Let the admirers of the " olden times" look back upon this complicated system of extortion, and compare with it the present state of things, which demagogues delight to declaim against as one of gross tyranny and oppression.

K.

 TO A GIVEN ROSE.

My pretty rose, thou'lt early fade,
 And drooping fall, at evening's shade ;
 Yet Ada's fairest breast shall be
 The first, the last, to cherish thee.

My hopes, my joys, are brief as thine,
 They bud in summer, but bloom to pine ;
 Yet I could quit this world of care,
 Like thee, to live one moment there.

My fading rose, with thee is gone
 Every hope I dwelt upon ;
 Like thine has past my joyous hour ;
 Farewell, my pretty dying flow'r.

G. C. C.

ON THE TRIAL BY ORDEAL.

" They say blood will have blood :

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak,
 Augurs that understood relations have
 By magpies, and by choughs, and rooks, brought forth
 The secret'st man of blood."

SHAKESPEARE.

OF all the devices which cunning has imposed upon the credulity and superstition of the world, none appear more absurd or profane than the appeals which, in the dark ages, were often made to what was termed the decision or judgment of God. Whenever circumstances were not sufficiently notorious to render guilt or innocence obvious, the accused person was put upon this mode of trial; our ancestors ignorantly imagining that the Almighty would always interfere to protect innocence, and consequently that he must be guilty in whose behalf no miracle was performed. We are assured that there is a Supreme Being, who is the "Great, First Cause," but of himself we know nothing, and comparatively little of the mode in which he regulates the government of the universe. We perceive him in his works, and can discover that we are surrounded by secondary causes, which, acting according to laws laid down by him, maintain the order and regularity of his creation. They are fixed upon the firm basis of his ordinance, and the wit and ingenuity of man can never shake or displace them. He who formed, hath, indeed, thought proper to suspend—he who limited the powers of nature, hath sometimes enlarged their boundaries for a moment, and wrought deeds in the sight of the world, which only the Almighty could achieve; but such interpositions have been unfrequent, and never upon slight or frivolous occasions. That God will succour innocence and punish guilt, is true; but experience proves that neither in the one case nor in the other will he suspend the laws of nature whenever he may be presumptuously required so to do. Our ancestors, however, thought differently—for with them religion had degenerated into the grossest superstition. The marvellous legends of fictitious miracles, which they were taught to believe, were filled with instances of pretended supernatural occurrences, and in giving credit to these idle tales they became accustomed to suppose that the Deity would interfere whenever man's wisdom was unable to solve a difficulty, or his power insufficient to extricate himself from danger. Upon all occasions they were prepared to expect wonderful displays of Almighty power, and anticipated a miracle whenever there was a doubt. In such minds, we cannot wonder that a preference for the trial by ordeal soon became firmly rooted, more especially since it is not without a foundation in Scripture, the water of jealousy mentioned in the law of Moses, being, in fact, a species of trial by ordeal instituted by divine appointment. In a short time, questions the most

serious or the most frivolous—of ecclesiastical cognizance, or of political importance—whether relating to princes, or to private individuals—were all solemnly referred to the decision of the Almighty, and various modes were adopted by which it was conceived his will might be made manifest. Nor was it to the European and Christian nations that this practice was confined; it has been found in Siam, Pegu, Malabar, and other parts of the world, where Christianity has never made its way; and “however with us it may have arisen from an abuse of revelation, its existence in these remote states, shews clearly that credulity and superstition will, in all climates and in all ages, produce the same or similar effects*.”

Of the modes usually adopted, the chief were, the fire-ordeal—the water-ordeal, and the trial by the corsned or consecrated bread, for each of which there was a particular mass or form of prayer.

The first of these was confined to freemen and persons of rank, and was of two sorts: either by taking up, with the uncovered hand, a piece of red-hot iron, or walking bare-foot upon a number of red-hot plough shares, which were placed length-wise at equal distances, and on all of which the suspected person trod. In either of these cases, if, after three days, the hand or foot of the accused presented a “clean” appearance—that is, if it was healed or healing, he was declared innocent; but if, on the contrary, it was “foul,” that is, sore, it was construed into a manifestation of guilt.

The instances of appeal to this ordeal, which have come down to us, are numerous and satisfactory. It was known amongst the Greeks, as appears from the *Antigone* of Sophocles, where a suspected person declares that he and his companions

— “ stood prepared to lift the glowing mass
Of heated metal—through the living flame
To pass, and call to witness the great Gods
That all were most unconscious of the deed,
Unknowning who devised, or who performed it †.”

By walking upon plough shares, Queen Emma cleared her character in the reign of Edward the Confessor; and in the reign of William Rufus, a company of persons who were suspected to be stealers of the King's deer, submitted to the test of handling hot irons, and escaped unhurt; upon which occasion the King is reported to have made use of an impious expression, calling in question the justice of the Deity, in allowing such fellows to go unpunished. There is also a remarkable instance of an appeal to this ordeal in the fourth century—its singularity must be our excuse for relating it. Simplicius, Bishop of Autun, before his promotion to the episcopal order, had married an amiable wife, who loved him tenderly, and being unwilling to live apart from him, continued to inhabit the same house with her husband even after his advancement. The voice of fame took occasion to impeach the sanctity of Simplicius, by reason of the constancy of his wife's affection, and it was rumoured

* Vide Blackstone's Commentaries, 4, 346.

† Dale's Sophocles, vol. i. p. 230.

that the holy man continued, in opposition to the ecclesiastical canon, to enjoy the society of his wife. Upon which, in the presence of a great concourse of people, she took up a quantity of burning coals, which she held in her clothes, and applied to her breasts, without the least injury to her garments or pain to her person; and her example having been followed by her husband with like success, the multitude, astonished at the miracle, proclaimed their innocence. In the following century, St. Brice also underwent a similar trial, with like success.

The trial by water-ordeal, which was in use amongst bondsmen and rustics, was also of two kinds—by hot water and by cold. The proof by the former mode was, the plunging the bare arm into boiling water; by the latter, it was performed by casting the person suspected, bound hands and feet, into a pond, and if he floated, it was deemed a proof of guilt, if he sunk, he was acquitted. It is easy to trace the relics of this water-ordeal, in the ignorant barbarity practised in many countries, and till lately in our own, in order to discover witches, namely, the casting them into a pool of water, and drowning them, to prove their innocence. Grotius mentions instances of water-ordeal in Bithynia, Sardinia, and other places. On the Coast of Malabar, persons accused of crimes are obliged to swim over a large river abounding with crocodiles, and those who escape unhurt, are reputed innocent; and in Siam, in addition to these tests, a tiger is sometimes let loose upon the parties, and those whom it spares are accounted guiltless. With us, these tests might be performed by deputy for hire or friendship; and to this day a man can declare attachment by few expressions more forcible than the common one of "going through fire and water" to serve another, which is evidently derived from this circumstance. Without collusion, or fraud, of course these trials usually ended in the establishment of the guilt of the accused; but safety might be bought from the monks, who were acquainted with compositions which rendered the skin, or whatever else was washed with it, unsusceptible of the power of fire—a secret which is now practised at country fairs, to the astonishment of our peasantry.

The trial by the corsned or consecrated bread, was also in frequent use, and consisted in giving to the accused, after a solemn declaration of innocence, bread consecrated by the priest, under the devout expectation that it would prove mortal to him who dared to swallow it with a lie in his mouth. The bread was of peculiar composition, being of unleavened barley; and if, as was sometimes the case, cheese also was administered, that was made of ewe's milk of the month of May. Amongst the prayers offered up on these occasions, was the following: "We beseech thee, O Lord! that he who is guilty of this theft (or murder), when the consecrated bread is offered to him, in order to discover the truth, that his jaws may be shut, his throat so narrow that he may not swallow, and that he may cast it out of his mouth, and not eat it." In the reign of Edward the Confessor, Godwin, Earl of Kent, being accused of the death of

the king's brother, appealed to the corsned, which, our chroniclers inform us, stuck in his throat, and killed him. In Pegu, there is a trial by the corsned substituting raw rice for bread; and in Monomotapa, there is a mode of deciding lawsuits somewhat similar. Amongst our lower classes, the memory of this mode of trial subsists in the phrases of abjuration still used—"May this morsel be my last;" "May this piece of bread choak me," &c.

There was yet another mode of trial, and that is, the bleeding of the corpse of a person murdered. The opinion, that at the touch or approach of the murderer, blood would gush out and flow from the person murdered, appears most ridiculous. It may not be a marvellous thing for wounds to break out bleeding anew; but that they should thereby indicate the guilt of those who touched them, is an excess of superstition which it requires the utmost credulity to believe. It is very certain that such things were practised and relied upon; and this fact alone furnishes sufficient evidence that the state of society at the time was barbarous in the extreme. Religion must have been extinguished when its sacred rites were employed to sanction presumption the most profane; and all sense of justice lost, when the trial by evidence was laid aside, and guilt or innocence determined by chance.

In the proceedings in our criminal courts of justice, there still remains a relic of these old customs, which has now degenerated into error, and might well be spared. When a criminal has pleaded "not guilty," he is asked, "how will you be tried?" and the answer put into his mouth is, "by God *and* my country." It evidently must originally have been, "by God *or* my country," that is, either by ordeal, which was called the judgment of God, or by a jury, which is called the trial by the country. The question asked, supposes an option in the prisoner, which does not now exist; in fact, the whole ceremony has become obsolete and useless, and would be much better omitted.

E. G.

STEADFAST LOVE.

HE that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flame must melt away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

T. CAREW.

ON BEES

MANY celebrated authors of antiquity have observed, "with curious eye," the peculiarities

"mores et studia et populos et prælia,"

of these interesting insects; but we do not stand in so great need of their assistance as our ancestors did, and therefore bestow less pains upon their preservation—less attention to their extraordinary faculties. Since the importation of sugar from the West Indies, their importance has considerably decreased. Their honey was the sugar of our forefathers, and their wax was used in great quantities, not only for the purpose of making candles, but likewise for the images of saints*. "Images of *wax*" were also, it is well known, a part of the paraphernalia of a witch, by which she was supposed to torment her unfortunate victims. In Ben Jonson's *Argument to the third act of his "Sad Shepherd,"* we find the witch sitting in a dell "with her spindle, threads, and *images*," which hint Waldron follows thus. The witch says,

"Now for my thred, pins, *images of wax*,
To wark them torments wairs than whips or racks."

The waxen image of the person intended to be tormented was stuck through with pins, and melted at a distance from the fire, and it was believed, that such was the power of the incantations and anathemas pronounced by the witch, that as the waxen image melted and decayed, so the person intended to be represented, was affected by pains and maladies until death closed his agonies, when the image was entirely dissolved. Steevens imagined that Shakspeare alluded to magical images in the following passage:—

"For now my love is thaw'd,
Which, like a *waren image* 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was."

Two Gent. of Ver., Act 2, Scene 7.

But Archdeacon Nares has justly observed†, that these words seem to allude to nothing but the vanishing of any waxen image exposed to heat; at any event, the passage is another proof of what, in fact, it was our only object to show, namely, that images were anciently made of *wax*.

The discovery of new worlds, and the consequent extension of our commerce, are not therefore the only circumstances that have contributed to render bees of less importance—the reformation in religion, and the increase of civilization, which have taught us to smile at gipsy threats and magical incantations, have also had the effect of depreciating the value of these emblems of industry. It is not our intention, at present, to go fully into their natural history,

* Barrington Observ. on Stats. 32.

† Nares' Glossary, 560.

but merely to point out certain particulars relating to them that are not generally known*.

The situation of bees in a hive must be acknowledged to be a very extraordinary one. They are confined in a habitation extremely small—the only entrance to which, is a small aperture in the lower part, the situation least calculated for the escape of heated air: the number of bees in a single hive, is sometimes between twenty and thirty thousand, all of them in a state of great activity; hurrying to and fro in all the bustle of continued occupation; sometimes nearly closing, and always very much obstructing, the only opening that exists in their thatched palace. Experiments have frequently shewn that a light, placed in a glass hive, goes out in a few minutes for want of a due circulation of air. How then do bees support life, if, as is universally imagined, life requires the uninterrupted continuance of respiration—a never-ending renewal of air? This question seems to admit of only two solutions; either bees do not respire, and therefore a free circulation of air is unnecessary, or they have some mode of producing a current of air, and by that means of keeping the temperature, within the hive, of sufficient purity to enable them to exist in it. The work of M. Huber details a variety of experiments upon this subject, and sufficiently shews that there can be no question that bees, like all other animals with which we are acquainted, clearly carry on the work of respiration. This fact was demonstrated by a variety of experiments upon the bee itself, and it was even discovered that the passage for the breath was formed by the means of certain stigmata opening upon the corselet, and that respiration may be maintained perfectly well if only one of these be left open. The question then remains, how can a being, to the maintenance of whose life respiration is necessary, and which several of the experiments prove cannot exist in foul air—how can it exist in the confinement of a hive? In order to solve this question, the air of the hive was first analyzed, when it was found, by the eudiometer, *to differ very little from atmospheric air in purity*. The next experiment was to shut up the entrance to the hive altogether, and by that means ascertain whether the renewal of air was from without, or whether there existed in any part of the hive a power of giving out oxygen. The hive with which the experiment was tried, was of course a glass one. We shall translate M. Huber's account of the result. "We chose a rainy day for the execution of our project, in order that all the bees might be collected together in their habitation. The experiment began at three o'clock; we shut the door with exactness, and observed, not without a sort of anguish, the effects of this rigorous confinement. It was not until a quarter of an hour had elapsed, that the bees began to display any uneasiness; hitherto they appeared ignorant of their imprisonment, but then all their labours were suspended, and the appearance of the hive was entirely changed. We speedily heard an extraordinary noise within; all the bees, those who covered the surface of the honey

* Our remarks are chiefly gleaned from a most intelligent work, by M. François Huber, called "*Nouvelles Observations sur les Abeilles*," published at Paris, in 1814.

combs, as well as those who were collected together in clusters, beat the air with their wings with extraordinary restlessness. This commotion lasted nearly ten minutes. The movement of the wings, by degrees, became less continual and less rapid. At twenty-seven minutes past three, the working bees had entirely lost their strength; they could support themselves no longer, and began to fall to the ground. The number of the bees who thus swooned, went on increasing—the table was strewn with them; thousands of working bees and drones fell to the bottom of the hive, until, at length, there did not remain a single one upon the combs; three minutes more, and the whole colony was in a state of asphyxia. The hive became suddenly cool, and from twenty-eight degrees, the temperature descended to a level with the external air. We trusted to restore life and warmth to the bees, in a state of asphyxia, by letting in pure air to them; we opened the door of the hive in the same way as the cock of a recipient. The effect of the current of air, which was thus let in, was very plain—in a few moments the bees began to set themselves simultaneously to beat their wings; a remarkable circumstance, and which, as we have before observed, had before taken place as soon as the want of external air had begun to be discovered in the hive. The bees quickly remounted their combs, the temperature rose to its usual height, and, at four o'clock, order was re-established in their dwelling." This experiment proved clearly, that the bees had no means of supplying themselves with air, except from without; and, after a variety of conjectures, it occurred to M. Huber, that the flapping of the wings, which had been observed in the experiment, might operate so as to ventilate the hive. Subsequent experiments and reflections have all confirmed this notion, and it may now be regarded as an established fact. The motion of the wings is so rapid as to be scarcely perceptible, but the current of air thus created may be felt by the hand on placing it near a bee thus employed. In summer, one party is engaged without the hive, with their heads from the door, whilst another party within, are at work with their heads to the door, so that both co-operate in rendering the current of air stronger. In a glass hive the process may be clearly discerned, and, whether in summer or winter, is continually going on. The working bees alone take part in it—the drones, although equally affected by heat, leave the management entirely to their more active partners.

The fact, thus established, is certainly of a most extraordinary character, and shews the watchful care of a superior Providence in a striking point of view; but it is not the only, or the most remarkable, fact brought to light by the experiments of M. Huber. The attachment of bees to their queen, and the mode in which they supply her loss, is well known; but the following account of their conduct, upon first discovering that the queen is absent, will be regarded as novel and striking. "When a queen is taken away from her native hive, the bees do not, at first, perceive it; the work of all classes is continued; order and tranquillity are not affected; it is not until an hour after the loss of the queen that uneasiness begins to manifest itself

amongst the working bees; the care of their young ones then seems to occupy them no longer, they pass quickly to and fro; but these symptoms of incipient agitation are not noticed all at once in every part of the hive. At first, it is upon a single portion of a comb that it may be perceived; the bees, who are disturbed, quickly leave the little circle to which they usually confine themselves, and when they meet their friends, mutually cross their antennæ, and strike them lightly. They who receive the impression of these strokes immediately become agitated; in their turn, they disseminate trouble and confusion, and the disorder increases in rapid progression, until it spreads through the whole colony." This confusion lasts about two or three hours, sometimes four or five, but never more. They then gradually regain their state of quiet, and select a few of the young larvæ, for whom they construct royal cells, and, by peculiar nourishment and education, convert into so many new queens.

But the most extraordinary part of the economy of bees, is their mode of defence against enemies. Virgil has rendered scholars familiar with this fact; but different enemies occur in different climates, and the ingenuity of the bee varies his defence according to the nature and exigency of the attack. Snails, or moths, or whatever else assails them, meet with determined opposition—sometimes walls are raised within the entrance, in which holes are made, large enough to allow a bee to pass through, but not of sufficient size to admit the moths, which are their great enemies. A watch is constantly kept at the entrance, and the most vigilant exertions are used to prevent an enemy from passing in. If, in consequence of the imperfection of sight, which is observable in the bee, the enemy succeeds in forcing an entrance, he is received with great warmth within, and, although very likely to do mischief, he seldom escapes with life. Instances have occurred of snails succeeding in forcing an entrance, and one is related in the "*Spectacle de la Nature*," in which, no sooner had he advanced into the hive, than a whole troop of bees fastened upon him at once, and he immediately expired under their strokes. To have a carcass of such extent in their hive, was a matter of great perplexity; unable to remove it, and yet, as if aware that it would breed corruption and worms, and thus endanger the whole colony, they embalmed it with a sort of glue, which was cemented so firmly all round, that the external air was entirely excluded.

One fact, like this, is surely sufficient to overturn all the theories of those who contend, that the lower animals have no guide of conduct but undefined and undefinable instinct. By what argument (except from our own sensations) can reflection, forethought, judgment, memory, and some other operations of the mind, be shown to exist in man, that does not also apply, and with equal force, to the case of some other animals. That the mind of man, and that of brutes, is the same, we do not assert—we know that it is not—but if we attend to the lessons which observation and experiment teach us, we can have little doubt there is, in all things which have life, something beyond mere animal impulse.

SUNSET.

WRITTEN ON THE COAST OF SCOTLAND.

BEHIND thy blue and misty mountain tops,
 Land of the Bruce! the gorgeous sun now sinks
 In proud magnificence. A golden tint,
 That mocks the painter's art, dyes the deep sea,
 Which round thy rugged coast seems like a robe—
 A royal robe—for thy protection flung.
 Approach you triflers—you who make a boast
 Of human grandeur—come, and in the scale,
 Against the splendour of a scene like this,
 Weigh your importance. See, beneath you spread
 A living lustre—one vast diamond,
 Instinct with life and light. Of all man's works,
 What canst thou shew so beautiful? The pomp
 Of long processions, courtly state, the joys
 Of midnight revelry in lofty halls,
 Wherein the blaze of many thousand lamps
 But faintly imitates the light of Heav'n,
 Can these compare, e'en in a worldling's view,
 With the calm beauty that surrounds us now?
 Who would exchange the pure and holy thoughts
 By Nature's self, and Nature's God, inspir'd—
 Thoughts such as angels have—for all the joy
 That poor, vain man can crowd into his best,
 His noblest entertainments? Who would yield
 His privilege to stray by rock and glen,
 'Midst Nature's choicest, grandest, wildest, scenes—
 To watch the heaving billows, or to trace
 The mountain stream that seems to dance from rock
 To rock, like a poor pris'ner just set free
 Rejoicing at his liberty—Oh! who
 Would yield such high prerogatives for—what?
 Is it for bliss? Oh! tell me ye who know,
 Find you a bliss where affectation, pomp,
 And smooth hypocrisy, fill Nature's place?

B.

SIMEON SILVERTONE, ESQ.

" Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time." SHAKESPEARE.

It is a common complaint, and one that is frequently urged in excuse for the want of good modern dramas, that the present generation have not such marked and distinguishing characteristics, as we are accustomed to attribute to our forefathers. The characters and habits of mankind, say the supporters of this opinion, approach much more nearly, than was anciently the case—the broad line which used to separate one class and one profession from all others, no longer exists, and, consequently, when mankind, as they are found at present, are exhibited upon the stage, there is a want of that relief, that opposition of character and manners, which distinguished our rough, unpolished ancestors. Perhaps there may be some truth in this notion, but it is certainly carried too far when it is promulgated as an excuse for our unobserving or untalented dramatists. If there are not so many distinct classes of society, or if the barriers between the various classes have been broken down, still there exists an infinite variety of follies at which comedy, or satire, might take aim—fooleries of which our ancestors, poor souls! were entirely ignorant—practices which they would have blushed to countenance—vanities of which they had too much good sense to be guilty. An instance of the truth of this observation, occurred to me a few days since, upon the occasion of my introduction to the gentleman whose honored name I have placed at the head of this paper. My friend, Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck, Jun., whom all the world knows to be the editor of this our National Magazine, called upon me one morning last week, and requested that I would become the bearer of a note to Mr. Simeon Silvertone, the purport of which was merely to inform him that we should be proud to grace our pages with any of the pure effusions of his classical muse. "I would call upon him myself," said Jonathan, "but I am retained in a cause at Guildhall, and we have a consultation this morning; besides, I should like you to see him—he is a good fellow, but somewhat strange."

I accepted the office with pleasure; and, just as the clock struck one, sallied forth from chambers, and took at once the route towards Lower Grosvenor Street, which is honored by containing the residence of the illustrious Silvertone. I will not detain my readers by explaining to them in what manner I threaded the mazes of Covent Garden and Leicester Square, but, leaving them to guess at all these things, will rather beguile the time, which is necessarily occupied in meandering from Lincoln's Inn to Bond Street, by giving them a few hints concerning the Esquire whom I was about to visit.

The Silvertones came in with the Conqueror. There can be no

doubt about that; at least, I have no doubt about it, for I have seen a geneological tree deducing their origin from Argenteus Silvertoneus, who lived, I have forgotten where, a long time before the introduction of Christianity. This being established, it follows, of course, that they are highly respectable people; for, as the Conqueror brought over none but gentlefolks, all who can trace their pedigree up to his time, are respectable by hereditary right. Some poor envious rascals have endeavoured to dispute this fact, and wished to prove, by documentary evidence, that the grandfather of our friend Simeon was transported for life; but that is not of the least consequence—what would it matter if Simeon himself had been transported? the Silvertones came in with the Conqueror, and therefore he must be respectable whether he will or not.

What station in life was occupied by the person who was dignified by being the father of Mr. Simeon, I cannot exactly say; I have heard, indeed, that he was a lamp-lighter, but I will not vouch for the fact, as I have not the very best authority for it; that is, I never heard it from the man himself, but it is currently reported that it was so, and I have not the least doubt that he was very excellent and expeditious in his calling. Simeon, who was, in his infancy, a very fine plump little fellow, engaged the attention, or some say that his mother, a short time before Simeon was born, engaged the attention, of an East Indian Nabob, who took a great fancy to the boy, gave him an excellent education, and, a few years ago, very conveniently departed this life, having previously made a will, whereby the house in Lower Grosvenor Street, and about £5000 per annum, came into the possession of our very highly respected friend. Simeon is—but stop, here we are at his door, I'll knock, and, if he is at home, we shall see what he is.

John, dressed in a very gay livery, admitted me to the parlor, and then left me, whilst he went to announce my arrival to his master, who was engaged "in his study." In a few moments I was ushered into the presence of the Silvertone himself, who received me with great politeness, and, as soon as I was seated, opened the note which I had brought him from my friend Oldbuck. Whilst he was perusing its contents, I had leisure to survey not only "the study," into which I had been introduced, but also the person of its owner. The room was a model of confusion—a perfect chaos—books, prints, maps, globes, papers, mathematical instruments, chemical apparatus, paintings, shells, stuffed birds, beasts, and fishes, antique busts and vases, cases of coins, gems, pieces of old china, and old armour, geneological trees, and a thousand other things, which would take one of our valuable pages even to enumerate, were strewed about upon shelves and tables, and upon the floor, in "most admired disorder." In the midst of all this beautiful, but somewhat tumultuous, medley, at a very splendid rose-wood desk, sat the noble Simeon himself, in person rather short and stout, with a round, self-satisfied countenance—his hair disposed *à la* Byron, in such a manner, as to make it appear that he had a lofty forehead, although Mr. De

Ville once pronounced it to be remarkably low. His ugly grey eyes were extremely prominent, but by no means expressive—none of that fire and sparkle in them which prevent one looking at their owner—he was altogether a very common-place person, although great pains had evidently been taken to show him off to the best advantage. His dress was extremely loose, and, as I thought, somewhat slovenly—a dirty grey frock, large trousers and slippers, gave him an undressed and neglectful appearance, which was added to by the absence of any neck-cloth—his shirt-collar being turned down upon his shoulders, and his throat quite bare.

“Mr. Penn,” said he, as he folded my friend Oldbuck’s epistle, “Mr. Penn, I wish you success.”

“We must trust, sir,” said I, in my mildest manner, “to the discrimination of the public.”

“The discrimination of the public!” exclaimed Simeon, interrupting me, “don’t trust to the discrimination of the public: the public have no discrimination. Would you believe it, sir, I myself published a volume of poems not two years ago, and, with the exception of five-and-twenty copies, which were sold to stray customers, the whole impression remains on hand. Take my word for it, sir, the public have no discrimination at all. You will excuse my being in a passion—I can’t help it, sir; Bruce, the traveller, used very frequently to get into a passion.”

I bowed in token of my entire excusal, which could not, indeed, be withheld, when so excellent a reason was urged, and my passionate friend went on.

“I am not one of those frosty souls that nothing can thaw—I hate neglect—merit never can bear neglect. It killed Chatterton and Henry Kirke White—I never can submit to neglect.”

I bowed again, and Mr. Simeon proceeded.

“I shall do what I can for you, but I can’t promise you an article just now. I am engaged to write a few lines for Campbell. I began them this morning. I have been about them these two hours, and that’s why you see me so completely *en deshabelle*—I like to be free and unconfined. I never can write poetry when my throat is bound up with a neck-cloth: Byron never wore a neck-cloth when he wrote—he didn’t, indeed. I’ll read what I have written; I think you’ll say it is very good. I have been very happy in my thoughts and expressions this morning.”

I remarked, I should feel delight in listening to his lines; upon which, assuming a vast deal of the sybilline fury, he read me the following:

“I love the spring, when Nature from repose
Starts into vigor, and around us throws
New scenes, new beauty, energy, and life;
But more I love the elemental strife
Rais’d by rude winter—more, beyond compare,
I love the jar of ocean, earth, and air.”

“That is all I have written,” said Simeon, “and this is what I

call very forcibly expressed. Nat. Lee is a favorite of mine, he has many very forcible expressions. In his 'Cæsar Borgia,' he says,

'Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on the mountain's top,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.'

That is a very forcible expression. Again he says,

'Were I in heaven, and saw him scorch'd in flames,
I would not spit my indignation down,
Lest I should cool his tongue.'

That is extremely forcible. Dryden is sometimes forcible; he makes a dying emperor exclaim—

'And shoving back this earth, on which I sit,
I'll mount and scatter all the gods I hit.'

That is very forcible, indeed; and so is my line,

'I love the jar of ocean, earth, and air,'

very sonorous and forcible, and very musical. I always compose to music. Here," said he, taking up a violin, which I had not before noticed, "here is my violin. I always walk about the room playing this instrument, and compose my lines in that manner. Curran was very fond of his violin—he used to play on it whilst meditating, and would compose voluntaries for hours together; so do I."

I remarked, that it was very likely to have the effect of producing a state of mind consonant with the music.

"Exactly so," said he, "that is just it: if you had been here when I composed my last line, you would have heard such a 'jar,' you see I have broken one of the strings. I am very fond of music: Henry VIII., you know, loved music very much; so do I. They tell me, I am like some celebrated musicians in various particulars—Haydn always wrote his music on the finest paper, so do I write my poetry; see, it is embossed and gilt-edged, the very best."

Our conversation then turned upon the prospects and capabilities of our friend Oldbuck, and his indefatigable pursuit of certain studies without relaxation or abatement. "He should relax," said Mr. Silvertone, "too much study weakens and overpowers the mind. I always take care never to study too much, but I always amuse myself; I'm very fond of making laces—Rousseau used to make laces, so do I: very pleasant amusement I assure you. But now about this Magazine, what shall I write for you? a sonnet? Sonnets are very difficult to write. I once published some that were esteemed very excellent. Or shall it be a prose article? I am very fond of writing adventures. I always write them in the third person, Cæsar wrote his commentaries so—by the by, I'm thought to be very like Julius Cæsar: Pope was reckoned like him, and people say I am like Pope, only I am always smiling. I can't help it. Sir Thomas Moore had a smile on his countenance, and so have I—I am thought to be rather like Sir Thomas Moore."

Had any one been present to note my features at this moment, I will venture to assert, that the similarity to Sir Thomas Moore would have been found to have extended itself to me, as well as to my excellent friend; but alas! the smile which conceit and vanity contrived to raise, soon subsided, and with it the likeness to the firm and witty Chancellor has passed away. Whether Mr. Silvertone's features have, by dint of distortion, been screwed into a permanent resemblance either to "the great Julius," or any other great man, is a matter of such infinite importance that I will not venture to decide upon it. He, however, is convinced that such is the case, and seems to imagine that his likeness to Sir Thomas Moore, at any event, does not consist in a mere similarity of features. "I wish I had gone to the bar," said he, half soliloquising, "I am sure I should have succeeded. I have an extraordinary development of the organ of language. You observe," at the same time protruding his eyes almost out of their sockets, "you observe how prominent my eyes are—wit, too, is very large. If I had been amongst them, I would have made some of the prosy old rogues, who lord it over piles of briefs, of which they never read more than the fee on the back of them, shake upon their thrones; but alas! alas! it is now too late to give my country the benefit of my abilities."

With such "bald, disjointed chat" did we consume a full hour, during which time the illustrious (as he ought to have been) Silvertone shewed, to demonstration, that there was no art, no science, that he could not master: no great man who ever lived, or who now creeps about upon the earth, that he does not resemble, either in talents, defects, or peculiarities. In truth, the eccentricities of great men seem to have been his study, and no sooner does he hear or read of any out-of-the-way custom that a celebrated genius ever practised, than he at once adopts it. He knocks at a door like Dr. Johnson—pretends lameness that he may walk like Byron or Scott—leans his head upon his hand like Sterne—drinks gin and water because that vulgarity was patronised by Byron—wears a cap like Sir Joshua Reynolds—smokes a pipe because Dr. Parr did so—distorts his mouth to resemble Brougham—plays the piano-forte, and sings his own (mis-called) melodies after the fashion of Thomas Moore—laments that nature will not allow him to be as bald as Mr. Canning, and has serious intentions of becoming blind in order to resemble Milton and Homer.

MAURICE PENN:

THE COURT OF DEATH.

1.

DEATH stalks across the battle-field,
It is his own domain;
He guides the dart—keeps back the shield,
His throne is 'mongst the slain.

2.

There, Lord of all, the monarch sits,
Grim spectres form his court;
And many a ghost around him flits,
In mockery of sport.

3.

From corse to corse they dance, they leap,
No human eye can see—
But round yon huge, unburied heap,
Death keeps a Jubilee.

4.

His messengers of wrath display
Extravagance of joy,
For in that dread and fearful day,
Not they, but men, destroy.

5.

Hush! pale Consumption tries to sing,
And in the rabble rout,
Hark! Palsy makes the welkin ring,
And Dropsy joins the shout.

6.

How dreadful comes the horrid sound
Upon my frightened ear;
Methinks I feel as one half drown'd,
My senses chill'd by fear.

7.

"Our task is done---our strife is o'er---
Man hath usurp'd our skill;
With human life we war no more,
We seek no more to kill.

8.

"Then lead the dance, and aid the sport,
A joyful day we see;
Come to the place where Death keeps court,
Come to the Jubilee.

9.

"Our task is done---our strife is o'er---
Man hath usurp'd our skill;
With human life we war no more,
We seek no more to kill."

OLD ENGLISH DRAMATISTS.

No. I.

THE WITCH OF EDMONTON.

EVERY body joins in the outcry against the stage: every body declares that it has degenerated, and the proverb informs us, that "what every body says, must be true." We suppose, then, we ought to take it for granted that the general opinion, upon this subject, is correct; we must assent to the condemnation which every gallery critic, every would-be witling, continually sounds in our ears. But if the evil is acknowledged, it becomes our duty to look for a remedy,

— "wise men ne'er sit, and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms."

If the drama is admitted to be less worthy of public approbation than it used to be, is it not better that we should endeavour to restore it to its pristine condition, rather than pursue the phantom which has already led us astray? Public taste is usually blamed for the toleration of the outrageous nonsense that is often submitted to patient and wondering audiences, and, like the "Nobody" so well known in most private families, is pointed out as the cause of the evil which every one discovers, laments, and applauds. But poor "Public Taste" is, in this respect, like his brother, of whom we have made mention, rather harshly treated. If good and bad were set before the public, if a good sterling play and farrago of melo-dramatic nonsense, were both submitted to their judgment, and they were deliberately to make choice of the latter, it would be well to exclaim, they might then be justly condemned; but that, alas! is not the case. A well written, judicious play, a play whose claim to public approbation is founded upon sterling merit, never finds its way to the stage; we are deemed to listen to bad sense and bad morals, and our patience is rewarded, at the end of an hour and a half's torture, by a coronation or a procession, as beautiful as diamonds that cannot sparkle, tin helmets, and mock majesty, can make it. Modern play writers are, indeed, like their works, the mere "beings of a summer's day," they prop up the tottering edifices, which they submit to public approbation, with straws, and then wonder that they fall. They forsake Nature, they dive not into the human heart, but write for the present day and the present actors, and how can we wonder that they are forgotten to-morrow? Some make a comfortable living by devising characters, in which a favorite performer may exhibit his grimaces to advantage, and consequently owe their success to the fooleries of the actor, and not to the merit of the play. Others adorn their tasteless productions with thunders, and lightnings, and snow-storms, and water-falls; transplant Siberia or Switzerland to the metropolis, and think the plaudits of "public taste" prove them to be wondrous wise.

From scenes and plays such as these, let us cast a retrospective glance to those dramas with which the fathers of our stage used to delight and instruct their audiences. Let us compare "the wondrous thoughts and fancies infinite" which they bring before us with modern play writing, and then say whether the degradation of the stage is difficult to be accounted for. We have selected upon the present occasion a play which is the joint production of three excellent dramatists---Rowley, Dekker, and Ford; and although many might have been found in which the story is more interesting, the beauties more numerous, and the entire superiority greater, yet there is sufficient to point out its authors as men who had studied human nature with keen and searching eyes, and were masters of the art by which the feelings can be affected. The story is extremely simple, and is merely a vehicle for introducing Mother Sawyer, the Witch of Edmonton, who it appears had a real existence. We need not tell our readers, that witchcraft was at the time this play was written (1658) thoroughly believed in: the common people found in it a solution from any difficulties which they could not otherwise explain; and even the better informed had doubts which they could not clear away. The character of a witch was therefore calculated to attract the attention of the public; and the authors of the present play have thrown an interest round the poor old wretch which even the most careless reader must feel.

Young Thorney having privately married Winimfrede, to whom he was attached, leaves her very shortly after their marriage, in order to visit his father, who has in the meantime provided for him a wife, in Susan, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, whose portion will very opportunely relieve him from some pecuniary embarrassments, against which he would otherwise be unable to contend. At parting, young Thorney vows eternal constancy to his new bride; but upon his arrival, is prevailed upon to marry Susan, and thus save his father from his difficulties. Worked upon by supernatural influence, he shortly afterwards murders his second wife; and in order to escape punishment, stabs himself in several places, ties himself to a tree, and upon being rescued, immediately accuses two young men of the crime, one of whom had been his rival in Susan's affections. The play ends by the discovery of the real culprit, and his execution. Upon this is superadded the poor "Witch of Edmonton," an old woman, who is driven by ill usage to enter into a compact with the fiend, who, in consequence, waits upon her in the shape of a black dog. By this means she revenges herself upon those who have ill treated her; but in the end is deserted by her familiar, and consigned to punishment as a witch.

The following extracts will shew our readers with what beauty and force of language the play abounds, and render all encomium on our part entirely unnecessary.

The poor old witch is at first introduced picking up from the grounds of a rich farmer a few dry sticks. She has not as yet formed the compact with the fiend. The following soliloquy, with

which the scene is opened, appears to us strikingly appropriate and forcible.

SAWYER.---And why on me ! Why should the envious world
Throw all their scandalous malice upon me ?
'Cause I am poor, deform'd, and ignorant,
And like a bow buckled and bent together,
By some more strong in mischief than myself ?
Must I for this be made a common sink
For all the filth and rubbish of men's tongues
To fall and run into ? Some call me witch ;
And being ignorant of myself, they go
About to teach me how to be one : urging
That my bad tongue (by their bad usage made so)
Forespeaks their cattle, doth bewitch their corn,
Themselves, their servants, and their babes at nurse.
This they enforce upon me : and in part make
Me to credit. And here comes one
Of my chief adversaries.

[Enter OLD BANKS.

O. BANKS.---Out, out upon thee, Witch.

SAWY.---Dost call me Witch ?

O. BANKS.---I do ; and worse I would, knew I a name more
hateful. What makest thou upon my ground ?

SAWY.---Gather a few rotten sticks to warm me.

O. BANKS.---Down with them when I bid thee, quickly :
I'll make thy bones rattle in thy skin else.

SAWY.---You wont, churl, cut-throat, miser : there they be.
Would they stuck cross thy throat, thy bowels, thy maw, thy midriff.

O. BANKS.---Say'st thou so ? Hag, out of my ground.

SAWY.---Dost strike me, slave ? Curmudgeon, now thy bones
aches, thy joints cramps and convulsions, stretch and crack thy
sinews.

O. BANKS.---Cursing, thou hag ! take that, and that. [Exit.

SAWY.---Strike do, and wither'd may that hand and arm
Whose blows have lam'd me, drop from the rotten trunk.

Abuse me ! beat me ! call me Hag and Witch !

What is the name ? Where, and by what art, learn'd ?

What spells, what charms, or invocations ?

May the thing call'd familiar be purchas'd ?

Shortly afterwards, a party of young men approach, amongst
whom is old Banks' son ; and upon perceiving her, cast ridicule
upon her age and infirmities. After their departure, she proceeds
thus :

SAWYER.---Still vex'd ? still tortur'd ? That curmudgeon Banks
Is ground of all my scandal. I am shunn'd
And hated like a sickness : made a scorn
To all degrees and sexes. I have heard old Beldames
Talk of familiars in the shape of mice,
Rats, ferrets, weazels, and I wot not what,
That have appear'd, and suck'd, some say their blood.
But by what means they came acquainted with them,
I'm now ignorant : would some power, good or bad,
Instruct me which way I might be reveng'd
Upon this churl, I'd go out of myself,
And give this fury leave to dwell within
This ruin'd cottage, ready to fall with age :
Abjure all goodness ; be at hate with pray'r ;
And study curses, imprecations,
Blasphemous speeches, oaths, detested oaths,

Or any thing that's ill, so I might work
 Revenge upon this miser, this black cur,
 That barks and bites, and sucks the very blood
 Of me and of my credit. 'Tis all one
 To be a witch, as to be counted one.
 Vengeance, shame, ruin, light upon this canker.

But the following scene, in which she is examined before a Justice of the Peace, is perhaps the most entirely dramatic—the best calculated for what is termed stage effect, that is to be found in the play. Nor is it less conspicuous for beauty of diction and correctness of sentiment.

SAWY.—Ha! ha!

JUST.—Do you laugh? Why do you laugh?

SAWY.—At my name; the brave name this knight hath given me, Witch.

JUST.—Is the name of Witch so pleasing to thine ear?

SIR ART.—Pray, sir, give way, let her tongue gallop on.

SAWY.—A witch who is not?

Hold not that universal name in scorn then.

What are your painted things in princes' courts?

Upon whose eyelids Lust sits blowing fires,

To burn men's souls in sensual hot desires.

JUST.—But those work not as you do.

SAWY.—No: but far worse:

These by enchantments can whole lordships change

To trunks of rich attire: turn ploughs and teams

To Flanders' mares and coaches: and huge trains

Of servitors, to a French butterfly.

Have you not city wenches who can turn

Their husbands' wares, whole standing shops of wares,

To sumptuous tables, gardens of stol'n sin,

In one year wasting, what scarce twenty win?

Are not these witches?

JUST. Yes, yes; but the law

Casts not an eye on these.

SAWY. Why then on me,

Or any lean, old Beldame? Reverence once

Had wont to wait on age. Now an old woman,

Ill favor'd grown with years, if she be poor,

Must be miscall'd a witch. Such so abus'd

Are the coarse witches: t'other are the fine,

Spun for the devil's own wearing.

SIR ART. And so is thine.

SAWY.—She on whose tongue a whirlwind sits to blow

A man out of himself, from his soft pillow

To lean his head on rocks and fighting waves,

Is not that scold a witch? The man of law,

Whose honied hopes the credulous client draws

(As bees by tinkling basons) to swarm to him

From his own hive, to work the wax in his;

He is no witch, not he.

SIR ART. But these men-witches

Are not in trading with Hell's merchandize,

Like such as you are, that for a word, a look,

Denial of a coal of fire, kill men,

Children, and cattle.

SAWY.—Tell them, sir, that do so:

Am I accus'd for such an one?

SIR ART.—Yes, 'twill be sworn.

SAWY.---Dare any swear I ever tempted maiden,
With golden hooks flung at her chastity,
To come and lose her honor? And being lost,
To pay not a denier for it? Some slaves have done 't.
Men-witches can without the fangs of law,
Drawing once one drop, put counterfeit pieces
Away for true gold.

These scenes certainly justify the very highest encomiums; but they are not in our mind so entirely natural and lovely as the two following between young Thorney and Susan, his second wife. The gloom and restlessness---the uneasiness which a troubled conscience produces, are displayed in his character, in a manner that is extremely beautiful, but without any apparent effort. And what can equal the ardent devotedness of affection which is displayed by the confiding girl? We know nothing in our language that can be at all compared to it. Susan remarks---

Why change you your face, sweetheart?

Y. THOR.---Who? I? For nothing.

SUS.---Dear, say not so: a spirit of your constancy cannot endure this change for nothing. I have observed strange variations in you.

Y. THOR.---In me?

SUS.---In you, sir. Awake, you seem to dream: and in your sleep you seem to utter sudden and distracted accents, like one at enmity with peace. Dear, loving husband, if I may dare to challenge any interest in you, give me the reason fully: you may trust my heart as safely as your own.

Y. THOR.---With what? You half amaze me, prithee.

SUS.---Come, you shall not, indeed you shall not, shut me from partaking the least dislike that grieves you. I am all yours.

Y. THOR.---And I all thine.

SUS.---You are not, if you keep the least grief from me: but I find the cause; it grew from me.

Y. THOR.---From you?

SUS.---From some distaste in me, or my behaviour: you are not kind in the concealment. 'Las, sir, I am young, silly, and plain, more strange to those contents a wife should offer. Say but in what I fail, I'll study satisfaction.

Y. THOR.---Come, in nothing.

SUS.---I know I do. Knew I as well in what, you should not long be sullen. Prithee, love, if I have been immodest or too bold, speak 't in a frown: if peevishly too nice, shew 't in a smile. Thy liking is the glass by which I'll habit my behaviour.

Y. THOR.---Wherefore dost weep now?

SUS.---You, sweet, have the power to make me passionate as an April day: now smile, then weep; now pale, then crimson red. You are the powerful moon of my blood's sea, to make it ebb or flow into my face, as your looks change.

Y. THOR.---Change thy conceit; I prithee

Thou art all perfection: Diana herself

Swells in thy thoughts, and moderates thy beauty.

Within thy left eye, amorous Cupid sits,

Feathering Love-shafts, whose golden heads he dipp'd

— In thy chaste breast. In the other lies

Blushing Adonis, scarf'd in modesties;

And still as wanton Cupid blows Love-fires,

Adonis quenches out unchaste desires.

And from these two I briefly do imply

A perfect emblem of thy modesty.

Then prithee, dear, maintain no more dispute,

For where thou speak'st, its fit all tongues be mute.

The next extract is where he is about to leave her for a short time.

Y. THOR. We have no other
Business now but part.
SUS.—And will not that, sweetheart, ask a long time?
Methinks it is the hardest piece of work
That e'er I took in hand.

Y. THOR. Fie, fie! why look?
I'll make it plain and easy to you. Farewell. [Kisses her.]

SUS.—Alas! I am not half perfect in yet.
I must have it read over an hundred times.

Pray you take some pains; I confess my dulness.

Y. THOR.—What a thorn this rose grows on! parting were sweet,
But what a trouble 'twill be to obtain it!
Come, again and again, farewell. Yet wilt return?
All questions of my journey, my story, imployment,
And revisitation, fully I have answer'd all.
There's nothing now behinde but---nothing.

SUS.—And that nothing is more hard than any thing,
Than all the every things. This request —

Y. THOR.—What is it?
That I may bring you through one pasture more,
Up to yon knot of trees; amongst those shadows
I'll vanish from you, they shall teach me how.

Y. THOR.—Why 'tis granted: come, walk then.

SUS.—Nay, not too fast.

They say slow things have best perfection:
The gentle showre wets to fertility;
The churlish storm may mischief with his bounty;
The baser beasts take strength, even from the womb:
But the Lord-lion's whelp is feeble long.

Y. THOR.—Your request is out: will you leave me?

SUS.—What! so churlishly? You'll make me stay for ever,
Rather than part with such a sound from you.

Nor is the play wanting in lessons of morality---good, true sentiments boldly expressed; not that maudlin and pharasaical sentimentality which passes current in the present day. We have only room for three extracts.

EVIL INFLUENCE.

Thou art never so distant
From an evil spirit, but that oathes,
Curses, and blasphemies, pull him to thine elbow;
Thou never tell'st a lie, but that a devil
Is within hearing it: thy evil purposes
Are ever haunted; but when they come to act,
As thy tongue slaughtering, bearing false witness,
Thy hand stabbing, stealing, cozening, cheating,
He's then within thee; thou play'st, he bets upon thy part;
Although thou lose, yet he will gaine by thee.

MOURNING FOR THE DEAD.

He is not lost
Who bears his peace within him: had I spun
My web of life out at full length, and dream'd
Away my many years in lusts and surfeits,
Murthers of reputations, gallant sins
Commended or approv'd; then though I had
Died early, as great and rich men do,
Upon my own bed not compell'd by justice,
You might have mourn'd for me indeed.

THE PRESENT LIFE NOT THE ONLY STATE OF EXISTENCE.

For when a man has been a hundred years
 Hard travelling o'er the tottering bridge of age,
 He's not the thousandth part upon his way :
 All life is but a wandering to find home ;
 When we are gone, we are there. Happy were man,
 Could here his voyage end ; he should not then
 Answer how well or ill he steer'd his soul ;
 By Heaven or by Hell's compass : how he put in
 (Losing blest Goodness' shore) at such a sin :
 Nor how life's dear provision he has spent ;
 Nor how far he in 's navigation went
 Beyond Commission.

Now let it be asked, when was any new play, containing scenes, writing, or sentiments like these, submitted to the public in our days? Until such an one is brought before them, it is useless to talk of bad taste : the public will go to the theatre ; and if the managers cannot, or will not, bring well written dramas before them, there is no other alternative than to accept such as are presented to notice. The truth is, " public taste " is formed by the managers ; and the conduct of the managers is much less influenced by it than is usually imagined. The man who pampers his appetite with delicacies, at last loses all enjoyment of wholesome food ; and if the public have lost their relish for good plays (which we do not believe), it is the consequence of the vicious treatment in which the managers have indulged them.

TO AN EOLIAN HARP.

THERE was a time when Hope was young,
 And Cupid was a blythesome boy ;
 When fairies, nymphs, and muses sung
 The strains which breathe of Love and Joy.

But, ah ! that time has long been past,
 And Hope and Love are seen no more ;
 The vision was too sweet to last,
 For all my fancied joys are o'er.

Breathe but one strain I erst had known,---
 Ah ! let one note but reach my ear :---
 How sweetly sad, when left alone,
 The songs of former days to hear !

Breathe but one note, howe'er so sad,
 (Dear harp, the winds awake thy sighs)
 When all around thee seems most glad,
 More mournful do thy tones arise.

But if a hand should strike thy strings,
 Discordant then would be thy sounds ;
 So the soft heart which anguish wrings,
 Touch'd by ungentle hand, rebounds.

ISABELLA.

PEARLS OF POESY.

No. I.

Myra! but listen to thy poet yet,
 Thou wilt not question then who, this sunset,
 Talked the heart's language to the ear and eye,
 Or who the youth who strung these pearls of poësy.

THE Persian poets, in their ultra-figurative style, denominate poetical composition the "stringing of pearls." The allusion is apt and expressive; but frequently the pearls are far apart, and the space between is occupied with imitation paste, or vacantly extended in the loose stringing. I have thought that a valuable volume might be made of these pearls, which would be thus composed of the genuine poësy, and nothing else. In time, perhaps, I may be induced to transform the ideal into the real, and supply the desideratum. Meantime, the pages of "THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE" may be found convenient media for the trial of the experiment; and if they please there, the plan at some future opportunity may be extended.

We commence our selection with some extracts from the voluminous poetry of Dr. Southey, not because he is Poet Laureate, but that he was among the first who endeavoured to restore poetic taste to the simplicity and energy of nature. The poetry of this author is original in design, in structure, style, and sentiment: it is as inimitable as original. He has completely occupied whatever ground he has ventured upon.

If another master in the sister art were to arise, and determine to personify poetry in some immortal work, and were to take his idea of poetry from the productions of Southey; wherein would it differ from Raphael's sublimely conceived and beautifully executed painting of "Poetry personified?" Crowned with the eternal laurel, her shoulders winged, her bosom modestly invested with white raiment, and thence to her feet overspread with a sky-colored mantle, emblematic of her chastity, her sublimity, and heavenly origin; in one hand holding the harmonious lyre, and with the other expanding on her knee a volume of heroic song. Inspired with divine fury, and elevated with sacred emotion, she arrests herself in this position, and deigns not to descend from her majesty as of a prophetess, and from her station as of a divinity. So chaste---so sublime---thus divinely derived; so harmonious---so heroic---thus inspired, and thus arrested, is the genius of poetry, as illustrated in the poems of Southey. Had he written but one of his great works, his astonishing merits would have remained unquestioned. But the world unwillingly permits a man to multiply demands on its admiration, and substantiate repeated claims to its applause and gratitude.

THE HOLLY TREE.

" Below a circling fence, its leaves are seen
 Wrinkled and keen ;
 No grazing cattle through their prickly round
 Can reach to wound ;
 But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
 Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

So, though abroad perchance I might appear
 Harsh and austere,
 To those who on my leisure would intrude
 Reserved and rude,
 Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
 Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt I know,
 Some harshness show,
 All vain asperities I day by day
 Would wear away,
 Till the smooth temper of my age should be
 Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree !

And as when all the summer trees are seen
 So bright and green,
 The Holly leaves their fadeless hues display
 Less bright than they ;
 But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
 What then so cheerful as the Holly Tree ?

So serious should my youth appear among
 The thoughtless throng,
 So would I seem amid the young and gay
 More grave than they ;
 That in my age as cheerful I might be
 As the green winter of the Holly Tree !"

THE SLAVE.

" Oh! he is worn with toil! the big drops run
 Down his dark cheek; hold---hold thy merciless hand,
Pale tyrant! for beneath thy hard command
 O'erwearied nature sinks. The scorching sun,
 As pitiless as proud Prosperity,
 Darts on him his full beams; gasping he lies,
 Arraigning with his looks the patient skies,
 While that inhuman trader lifts on high
 The mantling scourge. O ye who at your ease
 Sip the blood-sweetened beverage! thoughts like these
 Haply ye scorn: I thank thee, gracious God,
 That I do feel upon my cheek the glow
 Of indignation, when beneath the rod
 A sable brother writhes in silent woe!"

THE PENATES.

As on the height of some huge eminence
 Reached with long labour, the wayfaring man
 Pauses awhile, and gazing o'er the plain
 With many a sore step travelled, turns him then
 Serious to contemplate the onward road,
 And calls to mind the comforts of his home,
 And sighs that he has left them, and resolves
 To stray no more : I on my way of life
 Muse thus, Penates, and with firmest faith
 Devote myself to you."

NIGHT IN A DESART.

" How beautiful is night !
 A dewy freshness fills the silent air,
 No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
 Breaks the serene of heaven ;
 In full-orb'd glory yonder moon divine
 Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
 Beneath her steady ray
 The desert circle spreads,
 Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
 How beautiful is night !"

ARGUMENT AGAINST SUICIDE.

" There is a morning to the tomb's long night,
 A dawn of glory, a reward in heaven,
 He shall not gain who never merited.
 If thou didst know the worth of one good deed
 In life's last hour, thou wouldst not bid me lose
 The power to benefit : if I but save
 A drowning fly, I shall not live in vain !"

A PALACE.

Amid a grove embower'd
 Stood the prodigious pile ;
 Trees of such ancient majesty
 Tower'd not on Yemen's happy hills,
 Nor crown'd the stately brow of Lebanon.
 Fabric so vast, so lavishly enrich'd,
 For idol or for tyrant, never yet
 Rais'd the slave race of man,
 In Rome, nor in the elder Babylon,
 Nor old Persepolis,
 Nor where the family of Greece
 Hymn'd Eleutherian Jove.
 Here studding azure tablatures,
 And ray'd with feeble light,
 Star-like the ruby and the diamond shone :

Here on the golden towers
 The yellow moonbeam lay,
 Here with white splendour floods the silver wall.
 Less wonderous pile, and less magnificent,
 Sennamar built at Hirah, though his art
 Seal'd with one stone the ample edifice,
 And made its colors, like the serpent's skin,
 Play with a changeful beauty: him, its lord,
 Jealous lest after effort might surpass
 The now unequall'd palace, from its height
 Dash'd on the pavement down."

A DAMSEL AND BOY GATHERING DATES.

" Under a shapely palm,
 Herself as shapely, there a Damsel stood;
 She held her ready robe,
 And look'd towards a Boy,
 Who from the tree above,
 With one hand clinging to its trunk,
 Cast with the other down the cluster'd dates."

GEMS.

" Every gem,
 So sages say, has virtue; but the science
 Of difficult attainment! some grow pale,
 Conscious of poison, or with sudden shade
 Of darkness, warn the wearer; some preserve
 From spells, or blunt the hostile weapon's edge;
 Some open rocks and mountains, and lay bare
 Their buried treasures; others make the sight
 Strong to perceive the presence of all Beings,
 Thro' whose pure substance the unaided eye
 Passes, like empty air, . . . and in yon stone
 I deem some such mysterious quality."

DESCRIPTION OF A YOUTH.

" Black were his eyes, and bright,
 The sunny hue of health
 Glowed on his tawny cheek,
 His lip was darkened by maturing life;
 Strong were his shapely limbs; his stature tall;
 Peerless among Arabian youths was he."

A DOMESTIC GROUP.

" Yet through the purple glow of eve
 Shines dimly the white Moon.
 The slackened bow, the quiver, the long lance,
 Rest on the pillar of the Tent.

Knitting light palm-leaves for her brother's brow,
 The dark-eyed damsel sits;
 The old man tranquilly
 Up his curl'd pipe inhales
 The tranquillizing herb.
 So listen they the reed of Thalaba,
 While his skilled fingers modulate
 The low, sweet, soothing, melancholy tones.
 Or if he strung the pearls of poësy,
 Singing with agitated face,
 And eloquent arms, and sobs that reach the heart,
 A tale of love and woe:
 Then if the brightning Moon, that lit his face,
 In darkness favoured her's,
 Oh! even with such a look, as fables say,
 The mother ostrich fixes on her egg,
 Till that intense affection
 Kindle its light of life,
 Even in such deep and breathless tenderness
 Oneiza's soul is centred on the youth,
 So motionless, with such an ardent gaze,..
 Save when from her full eyes
 Quickly she wipes away the swelling tears
 That dim his image there."

A CLOUD OF LOCUSTS.

" Onward they came, a dark continuous cloud
 Of congregated myriads numberless,
 The rushing of whose wings was as the sound
 Of a broad river, headlong in its course
 Plunged from a mountain summit; or the roar
 Of a wild ocean in the autumn storm,
 Shattering its billows on a shore of rocks.
 Onward they came, the winds impelled them on,
 Their work was done, their path of ruin past,
 Their graves were ready in the wilderness."

THE DAWN.

" Day dawns, the twilight gleam dilates,
 The sun comes forth, and, like a god,
 Rides through rejoicing heaven."

REPOSE.

" Awhile he lay, and watch'd the lovely moon,
 O'er whose broad orb the boughs
 A mazy fretting framed,
 Or with a pale transparent green
 Lighting the restless leaves,
 The thin Acacia leaves, that play'd above.

The murmuring wind, the moving leaves,
 Lull'd him at length to sleep,
 With mingled lullabies of sight and sound."

AN ENCHANTED GARDEN.

"Where'er his eye could reach,
 Fair structures, rainbow-hued, arose;
 And rich pavilions through the opening woods
 Gleamed from their waving curtain's sunny gold;
 And winding through the verdant vale,
 Flowed streams of liquid light;
 And fluted cypresses rear'd up
 Their living obelisks;
 And broad-leav'd plane-trees in long colonades
 O'erarched delightful walks,
 Where round their trunks the thousand-tendrill'd vine
 Wound up and hung the boughs with greener wreaths,
 And clusters not their own.
 Wearied with restless beauty, did his eyes
 Return for rest? beside him teams the earth
 With tulips, like the ruddy evening streaked;
 And here the lilly hangs her head of snow;
 And here amid her sable cup
 Shines the red eye-spot, like one brightest star,
 The solitary twinkler of the night;
 And here the rose expands
 Her paradise of leaves."

THE LARK.

"Loud sung the Lark, the awaken'd maid
 Beheld him twinkling in the morning light,
 And wished for wings and liberty like his."

THE ADVANTAGES OF AFFLICTION.

"Behold this vine,
 I found it a wild tree, whose wanton strength
 Had swollen into irregular twigs
 And bold excrescences,
 And spent itself in leaves and little rings;
 So in the flourish of its outwardness
 Wasting the sap and strength
 That should have given forth fruit;
 But when I pruned the tree,
 Then it grew temperate in its vain expanse
 Of useless leaves, and knotted, as thou seest,
 Into these full, clear clusters, to repay
 The hand that wisely wounded it.
 Repine not, O my son!
 In wisdom and in mercy heaven inflicts,
 Like a wise leech, its painful remedies."

BEAUTY AND SORROW.

" Her face was sorrowful, but sure
More beautiful for sorrow."

PENETENTIAL ASHES.

" He smote his forehead as he spake,
And from his head the ashes fell, like snow
Shaken from some dry beach leaves, when a bird
Lights on the bending spray."

SUPPRESSED EMOTION.

" But Roderick sate the while
Covering his face with both his hands close prest,
His head bowed down, his spirit to such point
Of sufferance knit, as one who patiently
Awaits the uplifted sword."

SILENT AWE.

" Silently
The people knelt; and when they rose, such awe
Held them in silence, that the eagle's cry,
Who far above them, at her highest flight,
A speck scarce visible, wheeled round and round,
Was heard distinctly; and the mountain stream,
Which from the distant glen sent forth its sound
Wafted upon the wind, was audible
In that deep hush of feeling, like the voice
Of waters in this stillness of the night."

THE CURSE.

" I charm thy life
From the weapons of strife,
From stone and from wood,
From fire and from flood,
And the beasts of blood:
From sickness I charm thee,
And time shall not harm thee;
But earth, which is mine,
Its fruits shall deny thee;
And water shall hear me,
And know thee and fly thee;
And the winds shall not touch thee
When they pass by thee,
And the dews shall not wet thee,
When they fall nigh thee:
And thou shalt seek death
To release thee, in vain;
Thou shalt live in thy pain,
While Kehama shall reign,

With a fire in thy heart,
 And a fire in thy brain ;
 And sleep shall obey me,
 And visit thee never,
 And the curse shall be on thee
 For ever and ever."

LOVE.

" They sin who tell us Love can die.
 With life all other passions fly,
 All others are but vanity.
 In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
 Nor avarice in the vaults of hell;
 Earthly these passions of the earth;
 They perish when they have their birth,
 But Love is indestructible.
 Its holy flame for ever burneth,
 From heaven it came, to heaven returneth,
 Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
 At times deceived, at times opprest,
 It here is tried and purified,
 Then hath in heaven its perfect rest.
 It soweth here with toil and care,
 But the harvest time of love is there.
 Oh! when a mother meets on high
 The babe she lost in infancy,
 Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
 The day of woe, the watchful night,
 For all her sorrow, all her tears,
 An over-payment of delight?"

SUNSET.

" 'Twas at that sober hour when the light of day is receding,
 And from surrounding things the hues wherewith day has adorned
 them
 Fade, like the hopes of youth, till the beauty of earth is departed ;
 Pensive, though not in thought, I stood at the window, beholding
 Mountain, and lake, and vale ; the valley disrobed of its verdure ;
 Derwent retaining yet from eve a glassy reflection,
 Where his expanded breast, then still and smooth as a mirror,
 Under the woods reposed ; the hills that, calm and majestic,
 Lifted their heads in the silent sky, from far Glaramara,
 Bleacrag, and Maidenmawr, to Grizedale and westernmost Withop.
 Dark and distinct they rose. The clouds had gather'd above them
 High in the middle air, huge, purple, pillowy masses,
 While in the west beyond was the last pale tint of the twilight ;
 Green as a stream in the glen, whose pure and chrysolite waters
 Flow o'er a schistous bed, and secure as the age of the righteous.
 Earth was hushed and still ; all motion and sound were suspended :
 Neither man was heard, bird, beast, nor humming of insect,

Only the voice of the Greta, heard only when all is in stillness.
 Pensive I stood and alone, the hour and the scene had subdued me,
 And as I gazed in the west, where Infinity seemed to be open,
 Yearn'd to be free from time, and felt that this life is a thralldom."

Mr. Southey's forte is in description. Every section of his works is a picture. The *Curse of Kehama* and *Thalaba* are galleries of highly finished paintings. If the opinion of Horace, "*Ut pictura Poesis erit*," be correct, Southey's poems are of the most perfect kind. In this he resembles Spenser, of whom he is ambitious to be considered the scholar.

COWEY STAKES.

THE public have lately been informed, through the medium of the newspapers, of the recent discovery of the Cowey Stakes; it may not be uninteresting to lay before our readers some account of these celebrated relics of antiquity.

When Cæsar landed in Britain, his progress was vigorously opposed by a combination of the native princes, who chose for their leader Cassivelaun, under whom they fought several battles; but, as Cæsar relates, were defeated in all of them. Want of success produced disunion; the auxiliaries deserted their leader, who being thus disabled, retired to his own dominions, and prepared to defend them against the advancing Romans. "On the south, the territories of Cassivelaun were defended by the River Thames; and the same," says Cæsar*, "being only fordable at one place, the Britons, to prevent Cæsar's passing there, had not only fortified the adverse bank, but likewise the bottom of the river, with sharp stakes, with intent to dispute the passage." Cæsar, however, resolved to attack them, and at last got safely over. The stakes thus driven into the river, are the same which have always been known as the Cowey Stakes.

Some persons have imagined that the ford in the Thames at which Cæsar crossed, was not at Cowey, but nearer the sea; and Maitland, the author of the *History of London*, took the trouble to sound the Thames, in order to discover at what parts it was sufficiently shallow for Cæsar to have forded, not imagining that the lapse of 1700 years could have made any difference in the bed of the river. The general opinion, however, has always been, that the ford was just above Walton, at a place called Cowey, and some of the stakes have been frequently got up. They are of oak; and although they have been so long immersed in the water, are of extreme hardness, and as black as jet. A hundred years ago, knife handles used to be made of them at Shepperton. As the second invasion of Cæsar was in the 54th year before Christ, they have consequently been in the water *one thousand, eight hundred, and eighty years!*

R.

* Com. de Bel. Gal. lib. 5.

GENERAL REVIEW.

Historical and Topographical Notices of Great Yarmouth, in Norfolk, and its Environs. By John Henry Druery. Lond. Nichols, 1826. 12mo. pp. 382.

To write a good topographical work, is an extremely difficult thing. Books, whose subject is limited to any one science, may be rendered worthy of public attention with little trouble; but the topographer, if he desires that his labours should be approved, must bring an infinite deal of knowledge to bear upon the subject he takes in hand: if he does not, his work will be found extremely dull, and common place. It is the prevalence of such works that has thrown the study of topography into partial disrepute: every body thinks he can write a history of a town; and the reading public are so often called upon to peruse such a marvellous deal of nonsense, under the title of local antiquities, that a topographer, and a dull, heavy plodding fellow, have with some people become almost synonymous terms. But surely this is extremely unjust. There is scarcely a mile of our coast—scarcely a parish in our island, that is not celebrated for some beauty wherewith nature has invested it—some achievement whereby our heroes have distinguished it—or some man of genius born or resident within its precincts. The description of natural beauty—the history of battles or sieges—the illustration of customs, manners, and antiquities—the lives and pedigrees of poets, statesmen, and heroes, are the true subjects of the topographer, and can any subjects require greater skill in their treatment, or afford better opportunities for the exercise of talent? It is no objection to these remarks, that topographical works very seldom answer to this description; we point out what they ought to be, not, alas! what they frequently are. To trace the genealogies of men whose names are uncelebrated, and eke out a bulky volume with dull details of matters which conduce to no useful or entertaining end, are faults to be found in most of our town and county histories—faults which answer no other purpose than to disgust general readers, merely for the sake of adding to the number of subscribers a few whose vanity is flattered by finding their ignoble names in print.

That the work now before us is free from the faults here pointed out, we will not assert: there are many things in it which, had they been omitted, the general character of the book would have been improved; but it is altogether a work of considerable merit, and in a little compass comprises much general, as well as local, information. It is presented to the public, not as a *history*, but merely as “*Historical Notices*,” of Great Yarmouth, and the diffidence which induced its author to adopt this modest title, is apparent throughout the volume. There is to be found in it no ostentation—no assumption of superior

learning; every thing is stated simply, and sometimes forcibly. The author, indeed, more than redeems the pledge which his prospectus gave to the public, and has unquestionably added to our literature a cheap, useful, and amusing production. The following extracts will sufficiently show his style and manner; we commence with an interesting notice of the old miracle plays.

"In the chancel of this church (St. Nicolas, Yarmouth) during the periods of monachism, was a kind of machinery, intended to represent the star which foretold the birth of Our Saviour; and several memorandums of money expended for its repair, are quoted by Swinden from old church books. It has been asserted, and indeed become a favorite opinion, that the items appearing in these accounts, are convincing proofs of the methods resorted to by the monks to delude the people, and attempt to impose upon them these artificial resemblances for something of a more supernatural kind. This opinion, however, appears to have been hastily and incautiously adopted, while the true signification of the emblems were misrepresented, or improperly understood. It was principally by dramatic exhibitions, performed in churches and convents, that the leading incidents of scripture history, and the prominent miracles of evangelic record, were first rendered familiar by the Church of Rome to the popular memory. These sacred dramas were mostly written in Latin; but by degrees, partial vernacular versions of the dialogue were provided, to explain the exhibited pageants to the wondering multitudes. Thus arose those mysteries and miracle plays, which migrated at length from the church to the theatre, and there became obnoxious to the clergy, who were frequently alarmed, and with good reason, for the dignity of the persons brought upon the stage. Not all the Catholic countries, however, have dismissed the scripture plays from their protection; for in Spain, and at Vienna, the *Autos Sacramentalis* of Calderon continue to be performed. The prophecies of Daniel are to this day a favorite spectacle at Madrid, and perhaps they preserve fragments of scenes more ancient than Christianity.

It was natural that the monastic orders should provide appropriate representations for the several festival days on which they wished to convene the people: thus at Christmas they selected the mysteries of the nativity, the adoration of the shepherds, and the magi and the massacre of the innocents; at Easter they performed the mysteries of the passion, the resurrection, and the ascension; and on the birth-day of their patron saint, they exhibited the miracles related in his legendary history. In these religious dramas, every description of scenery was employed which could heighten the effect, and give popularity to the subject; and there is little doubt but that the memoranda in our church books related alone to these exhibitions. With the most awful subjects, the lowest pleasantries were sometimes mingled; and certainly only the goodness of the intention can apologize for the approach which was thus made to impiety."

The following is curious, as relating to the fate of the unfortunate Charles I.

"The house now standing, was erected in 1591 by Benjamin Cooper, an alderman of Yarmouth, who rendered himself conspicuous for attempting an innovation in the civil government of the town, in which he was unsuccessful. Mr. Cooper sold it in 1635 to John Carter, Esq., the staunch Presbyterian friend and counsellor of Oliver Cromwell. While in the possession of this gentleman, the house is said to have been frequently the scene of consultation between Cromwell and the officers of the parliamentary army: at one of these meetings, the death of the unfortunate Charles is believed to have been proposed and determined upon: an upper room in the house is pointed out as the place in which this sanguinary act was contemplated. The regicides assembled early in the afternoon; and to prevent the possibility of intrusion, a confidential person was placed without the door of the apartment, with a strict injunction not to allow any one to approach. Hughes says, they had ordered their dinner to be ready at four o'clock; but it was not served until half-past eleven at night, the party remaining in close conference during the whole of that time; they then hastily partook of some refreshment, and departed, some for the metropolis, and others for the head quarters of the army. It has been said, that the death of Charles I. was determined on at Windsor; but there can be little doubt that so momentous a circumstance would require more than

one, probably many meetings; and it is certain that one of great secrecy and importance was held in that chamber; for it appears by a letter from Mr. Hewling Lewson to Dr. Brooke, that the room was shewn, and a similar statement of the circumstance just recited, then related in the time of Mr. Nathaniel Carter, the son of the proprietor, who must have been aware of the authenticity of the fact, as the house was the residence of his father at the time the above-mentioned event took place."

At page 76, we have the following account of the well-known library of Mr. Dawson Turner, whose collection of autographs is we believe only inferior to that of Mr. Upcott.

"Mr. Turner possesses an extensive private library, of about eight thousand volumes, of general literature, unrivalled perhaps in botanical productions, most of which are of great beauty, and on large paper, but chiefly rich in natural history and the arts. His own works on Normandy, with Robinson's Scripture Characters, are beautifully printed on vellum, and not mentioned in De Pradt's Catalogue des Livres imprimés sur vélin. There are also about one hundred and fifty volumes of manuscripts, and at least half of these full of original letters from men of eminence, comprising all Sir Henry Spelman's correspondence, and Dr. Covell's, the learned author of the History of the Greek Church, with manuscripts of Dr. Colbatch, the great opponent of Bentley; a volume of original letters, unpublished, from Cowper; and a similar volume, chiefly unpublished, from Gray, the poet. In this valuable collection is also deposited the correspondence of Sir George Downing, the ambassador of Oliver Cromwell in the Low Countries. The topographical and historical volumes are splendidly illustrated, particularly Blomefield's History of Norfolk, which contains above two thousand original drawings of antiquities in the county, executed by Mr. Turner's own family. The elegant and finished labours of Mrs. Turner, and Mrs. Hooker, and Mrs. F. Palgrave (daughters of Mr. Turner), appear in five exquisite quarto volumes of etchings, some of which may rank with the finest productions of our best artists."

We might make a variety of amusing extracts from the volume now before us; but our limits admonish us to close this article; which we do, with sincere wishes for Mr. Druery's success in the department of literature which he has chosen.

Death's Doings, in Twenty-four Plates, designed and etched by R. Dagley, with Illustrations in prose and verse, the friendly contributions of various writers. Lond. Andrews. 8vo. pp. 369.

THIS is an extraordinary work, and as far as Mr. Dagley is concerned, certainly an able one; but whether the meed of praise ought to be extended to that part for which the public are indebted to the friendly contributors, is a question which we are inclined to think will not be answered in the affirmative. There are certainly amongst them some superior productions, but by far the greater part are not above mediocrity. The plates are twenty-four in number, and form a modern Dance of Death; not equal, indeed, to its celebrated predecessor, but still having sufficient wit and originality to claim a great deal of the public attention.

The plate No. 1, called "The Poet," has reference to the fate of Lord Byron. A man in the prime of life is seated at a table, writing an "Ode to Immortality;" whilst Death, advancing behind with cautious step, and an extinguisher in his hand, is just putting out the candle, as the poor poet is in the very act of composition. On the floor is a scroll, on which is engraved, "Greece, 1824."

The fourth plate, called "The Artist," represents a youthful painter, who is just completing a work, of which "Time" is the subject. Death sits behind the picture, and seems to be watching for the moment when the last touch shall be given—when "Time" shall be complete, and the artist become his victim.

Plate 5 represents a youthful cricketer standing before the wicket, bat in hand; whilst Time lurks behind him, ready to catch the ball which Death is about to bowl.

In No. 6, Death appears to a poor care-worn Captive, and releases him from his bonds.

In 11, Death is represented as the agent of "Mors and Co." keepers of a Life Assurance Office, and is delivering out policies to the assured.

In 13, the grim-monarch appears on a platform, with a pair of boxing gloves on his skeleton fingers, and three persons whom he has combated lying dead around him.

In 15, a party of Bacchanalians are seen seated round a table, with Death waiting upon them. They have emptied several bottles, but agree to have one more—the *last*. Death draws the cork, and hands them "The *last* Bottle."

In 16, a Huntsman in full glee is about to leap a five-barred gate; but Death, who lies crouching beside it, touches merely the hoof of his horse, and he falls.

In 18, A pale Student, who has achieved a difficult mathematical problem, is presented to receive academical honors, when Death places the laurel upon his brow.

No. 19 shews us a Sick Man, whom a quack has just arrived to visit. He is feeling the patient's pulse; whilst Death, as the assistant of the Man of Physic, brings in a bottle of "the only infallible remedy."

In No. 22 is represented a Lawyer, to whom Death, as a client, is bringing "a Brief."

All these are admirably represented, and in themselves convey to the mind lessons much more forcible than the letter-press which is intended to illustrate them, if we except some beautiful lines by Mr. Carrington, the author of *Dartmoor*; a Sonnet by Barry Cornwall; and a pleasing poem by L. E. L. Mr. Carrington's lines are indeed by far the best in the volume, and as such we shall extract them. They are entitled

"THE MARTYR-STUDENT.

"List not Ambition's call, for she has lur'd
To Death her tens of thousands; and her voice,
Though sweet as the old syren's, is as false!
Won by her blandishments, the warrior seeks
The battle field, where red Destruction waves
O'er the wild plain his banner, trampling down
The dying and the dead;—on Ocean's wave
Braving the storm—the dark lee-shore—the fight—
The seaman follows her to fall—at last
In Victory's gory arms. To Learning's sons

She promises the proud degree---the praise
 Of academic senates, and a name
 That Fame on her imperishable scroll
 Shall deeply grave. O, there was one who heard
 Her fatal promptings---whom the muses mourn,
 And Genius yet deplores ! In studious cell
 Immur'd, he trimm'd his solitary lamp,
 And Morn unmark'd, upon his pallid cheek
 Oft flung her ray, ere yet the sunken eye
 Reluctant clos'd, and Sleep around his couch
 Strew'd her despised poppies. Day with night
 Mingled, insensibly---and night with day ;---
 In loveliest change the seasons came---and pass'd---
 Spring woke, and in her beautiful blue sky
 Wander'd the lark---the merry birds beneath
 Pour'd their sweet woodland poetry---the streams
 Sent up their eloquent voices---all was joy,
 And in the breeze was life. Then Summer gemm'd
 The sward with flowers, as thickly strown as seem
 In heaven the countless, clustering stars. By day
 The grateful peasant pour'd his song---by night
 The nightingale ; he heeded not the lay
 Divine of earth or sky---the voice of streams---
 Sunshine and shadow ---and the rich blue sky ;---
 Nor gales of fragrance and of life, that cheer
 The aching brow--relume the drooping eye,
 And fire the languid pulse. One stern pursuit---
 One master-passion, master'd all---and Death
 Smil'd inly, as Consumption at his nod
 Poison'd the springs of life, and flush'd his cheek
 With roses that bloom only o'er the grave ;
 And in that eye, which once so mildly beam'd,
 Kindled unnatural fires !

Yet hope sustain'd
 His sinking soul, and to the high reward
 Of sleepless nights and watchful days---and scorn
 Of pleasure, and the stern contempt of ease,
 Pointed exultingly. But Death, who loves
 To blast Hope's fairest visions, and to dash,
 In unsuspected hour, the cup of bliss
 From man's impatient lip---with horrid glance
 Mark'd the young victim, as with fluttering step
 And beating heart, and cheek with treach'rous bloom
 Suffus'd, he press'd where Science op'd the gates
 Of her high temple.

There, beneath the guise
 Of Learning's proud professor, sat enthron'd
 The tyrant---Death ; and as around the brow
 Of that ill-fated votary, he wreath'd
 The crown of Victory---silently he twin'd
 The cypress with the laurel ;---at his foot
 Perish'd " The Martyr Student."

This is really very excellent---would there were more such in the volume. Amongst the prose tales, the best is one termed " The Hypochondriac." The following sketch will, we expect, be easily recognised :

" On answering my knock, John received me with a significant smile as he made his usual bow. ' We are still here,' said he, ' and master is in the old way. The doctor is with him just now ; but you, I am sure you may walk up. My master is in

the drawing-room." I followed John, and was kindly received by my poor friend. I expected to have also seen my late acquaintance, Dr. Palm; but the individual who now supplied his place, was the antipode, both in form and manner, of that fascinating disciple of Hippocrates. He was a little portly figure, with a round fresh-colored pleasant face; and his head, which was rather large, covered with a profusion of white hair, dressed in the fashion of the close of the last century. Indeed, his entire figure and dress were those of a substantial citizen of 1790. He did not rise when I entered; but merely made a slight inclination of the head, and waved his left hand, which held his hat, raising it from his knee, on which it rested. He then fixed his eyes steadfastly upon me, whilst I addressed my friend. After a few minutes, turning suddenly round to his patient, he abruptly inquired, 'Have you any thing more to say?' Tom assured him that he had not; that he fully understood his orders: 'But the pain'——'Stop!' ejaculated the little man, 'I know what you are going to say; it is all fudge. If you know my orders, follow them.' Notwithstanding this specimen of his abrupt manner, I ventured to address the doctor; and stated as my opinion, that my friend would benefit greatly by change of air and scene. He again eyed me, for a few seconds, and demanded, 'Are you a physician, sir?' 'No.' 'Are you a surgeon?' 'No.' 'Then, sir, what right have you to form an opinion upon the subject?' And without waiting for a reply, rose from his seat and left the room.

"Your new doctor is the pink of politeness, my dear Wunderlich," said I, as he shut the room door with a bang. 'He is a character,' replied my friend. You must have heard of him: Mr. Mybook, the eminent surgeon; a man of great learning, consummate skill in his profession: and although apparently rough and abrupt in his manners, yet, I am informed, possessed of the kindest and most benevolent disposition.' He at this moment again opened the door, and having peeped in, said, 'Friday,' shut it, this time, in a more gentle manner. 'What a pity,' said I, 'that the diamond has not passed through the hands of the lapidary! But what has become of my favorite Dr. Palm?' Here Tom informed me, that he and the doctor had gone on very well together for a week; but at length, coming to a stand still, he thought he would try Mr. Mybook, whose work he had perused; and under whom although he had been only four days, he really thought he was improved. 'He relies little upon medicine,' said Tom, 'of which he says I have taken too much, but greatly upon diet and regimen. I ride twice a day, dine at an early hour, and eat a certain quantity of food only at each meal; after which, I lie down on the carpet for an hour, and then crawl on my belly to the corner of the room for my tumbler of water, which is all the liquid he allows me. You smile, Dick! but trust me, all this is done upon principles which experience has verified.'

There are several other amusing passages in this volume; but certainly the value and merit of the designs constitute its chief importance.

Phrenological Illustrations by Mr. George Cruickshank. 1826.

THIS is an extremely clever work, by Mr. Cruickshank, the well-known caricaturist. The Phrenologists ought to feel themselves under great obligations to this gentleman, for we are inclined to think the illustrative discourses of Mr. Deville and Dr. Spurzheim will not contribute half so much to the celebrity of their science, as the illustrations of Mr. Cruickshank. Each organ is made the subject of a sketch, and some of them certainly very nearly approach to the wit of Hogarth. We would particularly distinguish "Drawing," which is a very curious picture. There is the drawing of a cork—of beer—of a go-cart—of pictures—of a pocket—of a heavy weight—and a variety of other things, all most ludicrously appropriate. Philo-progenitiveness is a very extraordinary hurly-burly. The letter-press is not equal to the pictures, either in merit or interest.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

THE DRAMA. — No. I.

"We belong to the unpopular family of TELL-TRUTHS, and would not flatter Apollo for his lyre."

ROB ROY.

DRURY LANE.

MRS. CENTLIVRE'S bustling comedy of the Wonder has been performed at this house, for the purpose of introducing a new candidate for public favor---Miss Ellen Tree---in the part of Violante. Her interesting manner, sweet expression, and ardent feeling, will entitle her to take a rank among the best performers of gentael comedy that our theatres can at present boast. Her irony was dexterously managed in the last act, where she feels she has committed herself; and her exultation after all, at finding Felix once more a suppliant at her feet, was given in so effective a manner, as to secure the warm and unanimous approbation of the audience. She appeared to be an actress of excellent understanding; a rare quality, invaluable in every profession, and most of all in that of the stage. Mr. Wallack undertook the sensitive Felix, an assumption which was not warranted either by his spirit or success. Mrs. Davison's Flora was animated, but her fight with Ines (Mrs. Orger) for Lissardo, bordered a little too much on farce. The whole of this scene was overacted. Mr. Harley's Lissardo was a diverting, but not a sober performance; Mr. Hooper's Colonel Briton was a sober performance, but not diverting.

On Monday, the 9th, Mrs. M'Gibbon again presented herself before a London audience as the heroine of Sheridan's Pizarro. She has not sufficient majesty of person to please the eye, nor is her power of voice sufficient to satisfy the ear; at any event, not on the stage of so vast a theatre as Drury Lane. Her carriage, her action, and her tones, would have been exceedingly appropriate, if she had possessed greater dignity of figure, and strength of delivery; but the stately mien, and lofty manner, which excite admiration in a performer possessing the physical requisites necessary to produce a grand and commanding effect, are not grand when united with small stature and a slender voice.

On the same evening was performed a new piece, entitled "The White Lady," or the Spirit of Avenel. It is from the pen of Mr. Beazeley, a writer of some talent and considerable success. The music of Boieldieu, which has been so successful at Paris, was introduced in "The White Lady," but does not seem peculiarly suited to English ears.

COVENT GARDEN.

On the 18th, a new piece, from the pen of Mr. Kenny, under the title of The Green Room, met with a very favorable reception. The productions of this gentleman do not consist in originality of character, or even in placing what is already upon the stage in a more bold or prominent point of view; but are rather distinguished for combining in a happy manner incidents, always fanciful, and not unfrequently ludicrous. The Green Room is one of those pieces which, if it will not altogether bear the test of rigid criticism, is yet well adapted to please the public. The characters are sketched with considerable humor, and the bustle of incident is kept up with scarcely any interval of languor. To the exertions of the performers, the author was greatly indebted. The acting of Mr. C. Kemble was admirable. This gentleman always pleases (in comedy) by the easy elegance of his manner, the liveliness of his humor, and his thorough understanding of those niceties in the text, which escape the observation of vulgar and uncultivated actors. Mr. Jones was, as he ever is, exceedingly whimsical: he has equally the power of forcing the audience to laugh at him, and with him.

Thursday, the 19th. Mr. Young's Stranger may be pronounced to be amongst the most perfect exhibitions of the theatrical art. It is, in truth, a display which at once deeply interests the heart and satisfies the judgment. Mrs. Sloman's Mrs. Haller is second only to Miss O'Neil's. The character, with all its difficulties, was supported throughout with a conception, a feeling, and a pathos, that rivetted the attention of the audience, and repeatedly drew from them the loudest applause.

Saturday, the 21st. A new opera, in three acts, by Mr. Pocock, founded on the novel of Peveril, was produced this evening. It is, perhaps, illiberal to criticize singing trifles with severity, even when they are as bad as Peveril of the Peak, the music, with one or two exceptions, was as little entitled to respect as the dialogue; but the singing of Mr. Sapio and Miss Paton, more especially that of the latter, procured for the play a more favorable reception than it deserved.

W.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Publishers, Printers, and Booksellers have all been seized with a lethargy during the last few months. Scarcely a work of any importance has been produced from the press for some time past; but "the dreadful note of preparation" has been lately sounded, and the newspapers begin to display their usual number of "will be published." The stagnation has been very severely felt by the Journeymen Printers and Booksellers.

Amongst the announcements, we find a new novel from Mr. Horace Smith, called "The Tor Hill," said to surpass Brambletye House.

Miss Milford is about to render us acquainted with another "Village," and "it is whispered in the state" that this lady has also a tragedy forthcoming at Covent Garden. We have been told that it is founded upon the same story as one of Lord Byron's dramas.

"The Forget me Not"—"Friendship's Offering"—and "Literary Souvenir," are all in the press, and will be published early in November; we rejoice to hear that these bijoux will again look beautiful in the hands of all the pretty damsels in our island. There is so much real merit in the literary part of these annuals, and the plates are so exquisite, that it would be almost a national disgrace if they did not meet with encouragement.

Allan Cunningham's romance of "Paul Jones" is, we understand, on the eve of publication; as is also Mr. Boaden's Life of Mrs. Siddons.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

ANOTHER NORTHERN EXPEDITION OF DISCOVERY.—The *Hecla* is to be prepared for Captain Parry early in the ensuing spring, and in that vessel he is to proceed to "Cloven Cliff," in Spitzbergen, lat. 79 deg. 52 min. (or about 600 miles from the Pole), which he is expected to reach towards the end of May. From this point he will depart with two vessels, which are capable of being used either as boats or sledges, as water or ice is found to prevail. They are to be built of light, tough, and flexible materials, with coverings of leather and oil-cloth; the latter convertible into sails. Two officers and ten men are to be appointed to each, with provision for 92 days, which, if they only travelled on the average 13 miles per day, and met with no insurmountable obstacle, would be sufficient for their reaching the long desired Pole, and returning to the *Hecla*, at Cloven Cliff. Dogs or rein-deer (the former preferable for drawing the sledges, when necessary, but the latter better for food, in case of accident or detention) are to be taken on the expedition. It is anticipated that fish may be met with to feed either animals. Captain Parry himself is sanguine of success, as the water is generally quite smooth. The summer temperature is far from being severe; there is perpetual light, with the sun continually above the horizon; and he knows from experience that the men on such occasions are always very healthy. During his absence, the boats of the ship are to be engaged in exploring the eastern side of Spitzbergen; and the officers and men of science, in making philosophical experiments with the pendulum, on magnetism and meteorology, in natural history, &c. The reward of success, besides the personal glory and general advantages attending the exploit, will be 5000*l.*; and we earnestly hope that by this time twelve-month Captain Parry and his gallant companions may be safe in London to claim and receive it.

The month of October has been of singular and fearful dramatic interest, being distinguished by the death of three celebrated performers. The first in point of time was Mr. Connor, of Covent Garden Theatre, who dropped down and instantly expired. This gentleman was in his 35th year; he was a well educated man, having taken a degree at Trinity College, Dublin, and in public and private life was very much esteemed. About the same time died Mr. Kelly, whose Reminiscences have lately made him so well known. He departed this life at Margate, in the 65th year of his age. To these the newspapers have just added the death of Talma, the French tragedian, who has been long very ill. We shall in our next give some particulars of the life of this celebrated *Englishman*.

The design for the new United Service Club House, which is to be erected on a part of the site of the Palace in Pall-mall, is understood to be of the most elegant description, and HIS MAJESTY has graciously intimated his intention of presenting the beautiful Portico, which forms the grand entrance, to the Members of the Club.

The length of the Thames Tunnel, from shaft to shaft, will be 1100 feet, when completed; the number of men at present employed, is about 230, besides the officers of

the establishment, who relieve each other every eight hours, so that the work is going on all night, and they cart away about 100 loads of rubbish per day. The bricks consumed are about 70,000 per week, and casks of cement 360; the distance already completed is about 296 feet, and the weekly progress about 12 feet.

The tasteful stone bridge which is throwing over the Serpentine River near Kensington Gardens, when finished, will open a delightful promenade and drive entirely round Hyde Park---it will consist of five arches and two land ones.

It is intended to continue Pall-mall in a straight line to the Green Park: by pulling down the club-houses and the hotel, at the corner of St. James's-street, the whole of Cleveland-row, the stables belonging to the MARQUIS OF STAFFORD, the houses opposite, together with MR. LAMBTON'S, and the houses behind it; these improvements will leave an uninterrupted view of the Park and His MAJESTY'S New Palace; and would allow a grand carriage way into the Park and to the New Palace. It is also intended to remove Little St. James's-street, and several small houses in that neighbourhood. A grand crescent is to be built on the ground now occupied by Cleveland-row and Little St. James's-street.

Amongst the variety of organic remains which are daily brought to light, and which lead a contemplative mind to the vast changes which this planet has sustained, none are more highly interesting than the discovery of those animals, whose species since the primeval state of things has ceased to exist in this quarter of the globe. Two beautiful specimens, strongly illustrative of this remarkable change, have recently been found in blue alluvial clay on the coast of Essex. They consist of the fossil horns of the buffalo, of gigantic size, with part of the os frontis: the other is a fossil turtle, embedded in a mass of septaria. Both specimens are in the most perfect state of preservation.

BURNS' MONUMENT.---The committee appointed to superintend the completion of the splendid monument, erected at Alloway, to the memory of BURNS, have nearly completed that honorable undertaking. It is built on a small but neat elevation, half a mile from the humble cottage in which the poet was born. Distant a short way from the ruins of Alloway Kirk, in the grave-yard of which the mortal remains of his venerated father were interred. The head-stone that marks the spot, has been so broken and carried off by modern vandals, that only a solitary letter remains of the inscription. Near it, is "the well where Mungo's mither hanged hersel," the old bridge of Doon, and a number of other places immortalized in the works of the poet. On ascending the elevation, on which the monument is erected, the spectator is at once astonished, delighted, and powerfully impressed with the subjects and scenery around him. Beautiful villas, richly ornamented, situated among the finest pleasure grounds, "haffins seen and haffins hid" by the thriving plantations with which they are surrounded. Almost under his feet is the Doon, dashing rapidly through the scattered masses of rock with which the channel is interspersed; while the "spirit of the waters" is heard souglhing through the lofty poplars, willows, and elms, that cover the banks. The view is bounded by a range of rude hills, which at no great distance end abruptly in the ocean, and though divested of the bolder features of the rugged awe-inspiring sublimity of Highland scenery, their barren slopes being contrasted with fine fields in the highest cultivation. The whole forms a scene which it would be difficult to parallel.

BIRTHS.

Oct. 2: The Lady of E. Taunton, Esq. K. C. of a daughter. 3: Mrs. C. L. Francis, of Vauxhall, of a daughter; the Lady of the Rev. R. P. Greenland, of Ealing, of a daughter. 4: Lady of — Williams, Esq. of York Terrace, Regent's Park, of a son. 6: Lady of Charles Farebrother, Esq. Sheriff of London and Middlesex, of a son; at Langlebury, Herts. the Lady of George Sullivan, Esq. of a daughter. 7: at Shadwell Lodge, Norfolk, the Lady of John Jacob Buxton, Esq. M. P. of a son still born; at the Hermitage, Brompton, the Lady of Dr. Sutherland, of a son. 9: at the Vicarage, Hungerford, the Lady of Rev. W. Cookson of a son. 10: Mrs. T. L. Donaldson of a son. 11: the Lady of G. Frederick Lockley, Esq. of a son; at Ludlam Hall, Suffolk, the Lady of Charles Devon, Esq. of a daughter; in Regency Square, Brighton, the Lady of H. Chamberlain, Esq. of a son. 13: at Castle Bromwich, Warwickshire, the Countess of Bradford of a daughter. 15: at Brixton Hill, Lady of James Taylor, Esq. of Furnival's Inn, of a daughter; in Clarges Street, Piccadilly, the Lady of Thomas Walford, Esq. jun. of a son; at Stoke Place, the Lady of Lieut. Col. Howard Vyse, of a son. 16: at Rochester, the Lady of Rev. D. F. Warner of a daughter; Mrs. W. H. Cooper, of South Villa, Regent's Park, of a son. 19: at Somerby, Melton Mowbray, the Lady of Benjamin Burton, Esq. of Gloucester Place, Portman Square, of a son.

MARRIED.

Oct. 2: at Oxendon, Northamptonshire, Mr. John Marriott, Surgeon, of Kilworth, Leicestershire, to Georgiana, second daughter of the Rev. George Boulton, Rector of Oxendon; at Richmond, Yorkshire, the Rev. D. Tremlett, Rector of Rodney Stoke, near Wells, to Isabella Mary, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Simpson, Esq. 5: Octavius, eighth son of the late Dr. William Green, of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Thundercliffe Grange, Yorkshire, to Elizabeth Jane, second daughter of Jonathan Patten, Esq.; at Plymouth, Thomas Robson, Esq. M. D. of Demerary, to Amelia, second daughter to Benj. Harper, Esq. late of Grenada, and now of Demerary; at St. John's, Wapping, Magnus Johnson, Esq. to Jane, eldest daughter of John Fulham, Esq. of Wapping. 7: Sidney Strong, of Pewsey, Wilts. Esq. to Susannah Bianca, eldest daughter of John Gilman, Esq. 10: at Aldenham, Captain Phillimore, eldest son of William Robert Phillimore, Esq. of Kendalls, Hertfordshire, to Miss West, of Portland Place, daughter of the late William West, Esq.; at Bridgenorth, Shropshire, James Shipley, Esq. Lieutenant R. N. to Harriet Sarah, only child of the Rev. Henry Ward, Havering Bower, Essex: John Dean Paul, Esq. to Georgina Beauclerk, third daughter of Charles George Beauclerk, of St. Leonard's Lodge, Sussex, and granddaughter of the late Duchess of Leinster. 11: W. H. Ainsworth, Esq. eldest son of the late Thomas Ainsworth, Esq. of Manchester, to Fanny, youngest daughter of Mr. Ebers, of Sussex Place, Regent's Park; Rich. Frankum, Esq. Surgeon, Grove House, Lisson Grove, to Harriett, eldest daughter of the late Samuel Hobson, Esq. of Wensley Dale, Yorkshire. 12: at Walthamstow, Essex, John Farquhar Fraser, Esq. nephew of the late John Farquhar, Esq. of Fonthill Abbey, in the county of Wilts, to Agnes, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Walter Bagot, of Blithfield, Staffordshire; John Robison, Esq. of Athol Crescent, Edinburgh, to Isabella, fourth daughter of the late Thomas Benson, Esq. 17: Francis John, youngest son of the late Sir Henry Lambert, Bart. to Catherine, only daughter of the late Major General Wheatley, of Lesney, in Kent. 18: at Richmond, the Rev. Samuel Paynter, M. A. Rector of Hatford, Berks. to Eliza, only daughter of Samuel Painter, of Richmond, in the county of Surrey, Esq. 19: at St. George's, Hanover-square, Henry Murray, Esq. youngest son of the late Lord George Murray, and nephew to his Grace the Duke of Athol, to Catherine Otway Cave, third daughter of the late Henry Otway, Esq. of Stamford Hall, Leicestershire, and Castle Otway, in Ireland.

DEATHS.

Oct. 1: at Southampton, aged 76, Major General W. Fawcett, Governor of Limerick, eldest son of the late Right Hon. Sir W. Fawcett, K. C. B.; aged 23 years, Jemima, eldest daughter of Mr. G. I. Payne, of Hackney. 3: Maria, youngest daughter of James Wilkinson, Esq. of Paddington, in her 22d. year; at Denne Park, Sussex, James Eversfield, Esq. aged 31; at Peckham House, Surrey, Henry Smith, Esq. in the 85th year of his age; in Sloane-street, Ann, relict of the late Frogmere Cumming, Vicar of Cardington, Bedfordshire. 4: At Brighton, Harriet Elizabeth Courtenay, aged 17 years, only daughter of W. Courtenay, Esq. Clerk Assistant of the House of Lords. 8: At Gorphwysfa, near Bangor, Hectwood Williams, Esq. of New Bond-street. 9: at his house, Bloomsbury-place, John Whitmore, Esq. aged 76; at Burgate House, Hants. Mrs. Pocock, daughter of the late Hon. T. W. Coventry, of North Cray Place, Kent. 11: Isabel Barclay, Wife of the Rev. William Fortescue, of George Nimpton, and Wear Gifford, Devon, and second daughter of the late James Cristie, Esq. of Durie, Fifeshire. 12: Mr. George Kent; at Egleston Hall, universally respected and lamented, William Hutchinson, Esq. aged 63, one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace, and formerly High Sheriff and Vice-Lieutenant of the county of Durham; and on the following morning, aged 52, Mary, his wife, daughter of the late M. Byam, Esq. of the Island of Antigua. 13: at Nottingham, aged 18, Elizabeth, only daughter of Isaac Fisher, Esq. 14: at Lancing House, Sussex, Elizabeth, widow of the late Rev. Colston Carr, Vicar of Ealing, Middlesex, and mother of the Bishop of Chichester; Daul Bennett, Esq. of Faringdon House, Berks, in his 67th year. 15: at Marwell Hall, Hants, Isabel, the youngest daughter of William Clowes, Esq. aged 13 months. 16: in Berkeley-square, Thomas Porteus, Esq. aged 55, of Parkbury Lodge, and late of Half-moon-street; in Duchess Street, Portland Place, Frances, wife of James Gorden Duff, Esq. aged 33. 21: at Deptford, Mr. Robert Atkins, for many years Sacrist and Verger of Westminster Abbey, aged 78.